

Oxford B.H.
MONSIEVR
THOMAS.

A
COMEDY.

Acted at the Private House in
Blacke Fryers.

The Author,
JOHN FLETCHER,
Gent.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *John Waterston*, and are
to be sold at his shop in *Pauls Church-yard*,
at the signe of the *Crowne*;

1 6 3 9.

MONSIEUR
THOMAS
A
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Acted at the Theatre Royal in
Black-Friars

The Author,
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Printed by Thomas Knap, for John Waverley, and
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at the sign of the Crown.

1632



TO THE NOBLE HONOURER OF

The dead Authors works and
memory, Master

CHARLES COTTON.

SIR,

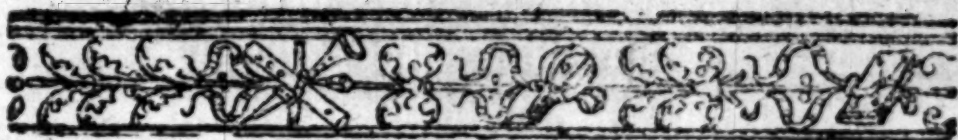


Y directing of this piece un-
to you, renders me obvious
to many censures, which I
would willingly prevent by
declaring mine owne and
your right thereto: Mine
was the fortune to be made the unworthy
preserver of it; yours is the worthy opinion
you have of the Author and his Poems: nei-
ther can it easily be determined, whether your
affection to them hath made you (by obser-
ving) more able to judge of them, then your
ability to judge of them hath made you to af-

fed them, deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine, I expresse my two-fold zeale; to him and your noble selfe, who have built him a more honourable monument in that faire opinion you have of him, then any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will finde him in this Poem as active as in others, to many of which, the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custome more than reason: yet they have since by your candid selfe and others beene cleerely vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgement (which is the best I can render you, mine own weake labours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known

Your most humble servant;

RICHARD BROME,



In prayse of the Authour, and his following Poeme.

TIs both the life of Action and of wit,
When Actors so the fanci'd humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' Authour there were strife
How each to other should give mutuall life.
The last this wanted not. Invention strays
Here in full many pleasant turning wayes,
That like Meanders their curld circles bend,
Yet in a smooth streame runne to crowne the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the Authors name;
Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
As if the Muses jointly did inspire,
His raptures only with their sacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate
At first presenting but of common fate;
When ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
The world's growne wiser now: each man can say
If Fletcher made it 'tis an exc'lent play.
Thus Poemes like their Authors may be sed,
Never to live 'till they have first beene dead.

Rich: Brome.



Monsieur Thomas,

A Gome^dy.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Alice and Valentine.

Alice.



Ow dearely welcome you are !

Val. I know it,

And my best sister, you as deer to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it, how you have
govern'd

My poore state in my absence, how my
servants,

I dare and must beleieve, else I should wrong ye,
The best and worthiest.

Alice As my womans wit Sir,
Which is but weake and crazie.

Val. But good *Alice*
Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
The life of my affection, since my travell,
My long, and lazie travell ? is her love still
Vpon the growing hand ? do's it not stop
And wither at my yeares ? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some yonger smooth behaviour

B

Some

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Some youth but in his blossome, as her selfe is ?
There lyes my feares.

Alice They need not, for beleeeve me
So well you have manag'd her, and won her minde,
Even from her houres of childehood, to this ripenesse,
And in your absence, that by me inforced stil,
So well distill'd your gentlenesse into her,
Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,
And though Love be a boy, and ever youthfull,
And young, and beauteous objects ever aym'd at,
Yet here yee have gone beyond love, better'd nature,
Made him appeare in yeares, in gray yeares fiery,
His bow at full bent ever : feare not brother,
For though your body has been farre off from her,
Yet every houre your heart, which is your goodnesse,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly to give it ever harbour :
Beleeve she is so much yours, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter,
Were the childe living now ye lost at sea
Among the *Genoway* Gallies, what a happinesse,
What a maine blessing ?

Val. O no more good sister,
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring.
With that childe all my hopes went, and you know
The root of all those hopes, the mother too
Within few dayes.

Alice 'Tis too true, and too fatall,
But peace be with their soules.

Val. For her losse
I hope, the beauteous *Celinde*.

Alice. You may Sir,
For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poore boyes losse,
I have brought a noble friend, I found in travell
A worthier minde, and a more temperate spirit
If I have so much judgement to discern 'em,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Man yet was never maſter of.

Alice What iſhe?

Val. A Gentleman, I doe aſſure my ſelfe,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it:
I found him at *Valentia*, poore and needy,
Onely his minde the maſter of a treaſure.
I fought his frienſhip, wonne him by much violence,
Hiſhoneſty and modeſty ſtill fearing
To thruſt a charge upon me; how I love him,
He ſhall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions: uſe him nobly,
It is my will, good ſiſter, all I have
I make him free companion in, and part er,
But onely

Alice I obſerve ye, hold your right there,
Love and high rule allowes no rivals, brother,
He ſhall have faire regard, and all obſervance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas Ye are welcome noble Sir.

Val. What, Monſieur *Hylas*,
I'me glad to ſee your merry body well yet.

Hyl. Yf aith y'are welcome home; what news beyond ſea?

Val. None, but new men expected, ſuch as you are
To breed new admirations: 'tis my ſiſter,
Pray ye know her ſir.

Hylas With all my heart, your leave Lady.

Alice Ye have it ſir.

Hylas A ſhrewd ſmart touch, which do's prognosticate
A body keene and active, ſomewhat old,
But that's all one: age brings experience
And knowledge to diſpatch. I muſt be better
And neerer in my ſervice, with your leave ſir,
To this faire Lady.

Val. What, the old ſquire of dames ſtill? (now

Hyl. Still the admirer of their goodneſſe: with all my heart.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

I love a woman of her yeares, a pacer
That lay the bridle in her neck will travell
Forty, and somewhat fullsome is a fine dish,
These yong colts; are too sketish.

Enter Mary.

Al. My cofin Mary
In all her joy Sir to congratulate
Your faire returne.

Val. My loving, and kind cofin,
A thousand welcomes.

Mary. A thousand thanks to heaven Sir
For your safe, voyage, and returne.

Val. I thanke e:
But wher's my blessed *Celide*? her slacknesse
In visitation.

Mary. Thinke not so deere Vncle,
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With teares and prayers.

Val. Ye have given me too much comfort.

Mary. She will not be long from ye.

Hyl. Your faire cofin?

Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balke sir,
If your old rule raigne in you, ye may know her.
A happy stocke ye have, right worthy Lady,
The poorest of your servants, vowes his duty
And obliged faith.

Mary. O 'tis a kisse you would sir,
Take it, and tye your tongue up.

Hyl. I am an asse
I doe perceive now: a blinde asse, a blockhead:
For this is handfomnesse, this that that drawes us,
Body and bones: oh what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her?
How like a Swan she swims her pace, and beares
Her silver breasts? this is the woman, she,
And onely she, that I will so much honour

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

As to thinke worthy of my love, all older Idols
I heartily abhorre, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to Gypsies.

Enter Francis at one door, and Celinde at another.

Val. O my deere life, my better heart, all dangers,
Distresses in my travell, all misfortunes,
Had they been endlesse like the houres upon me,
In this kisse, had been buried in oblivion:
How happy have ye made me, truly happy?

Cel. My joy has so much overmastered me,
That in my teares for your returne.

Val. O deereft:
My noble friend too: what a blessednesse
Have I about me now? how full my wishes
Are come agen, a thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye: all I have,
The faire and liberall use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of al within my power.

Fran. Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks fir.

Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,
Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us
And our intire affections, but this woman,
This I beseech ye friend.

Fran. It is a jewell
I doe confesse would make a thiefe, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant;
That were a base ingratitude.

Val. Ye are noble,
Pray be acquainted with her, keep your way fir,
My cofin and my sister.

Alice Ye are most welcome:

Mary If any thing in our poore powers faire fir
To render ye content, and liberall welcome
May but appeare, command it.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Alice Ye shall find us
Happy in our performance.

Fra. The poore servant
Of both your goodnesse presents his service.

Val. Come no more complement : custome has made it
Dull, old, and tedious : ye are once more welcome,
As your owne thoughts can make ye, and the same ever.
And so wee'l in to ratifie it.

Hyl. Harke ye Valentine,
Is wild oates yet come over ?

Val. Yes : with me Sir.

Mar. How do's he beare himself ?

Val. A great deale better :
Why doe you blush ? the Gentleman will doe well.

Mar. I should be glad on't Sir.

Val. How do's his Father ?

Hyl. As mad a worme as ere he was.

Val. I lookt for't :

Shall we enjoy your companie ?

Hyl. Ile wayt on ye :
Only a thought, or two.

Val. We bar all prayers.

Exeunt all but Hyl.

Hyl. This last wench, I this last wench was a faire one :

A dainty wench, a right one : a devill take it,

What doe I ay le ; to have fifteene now in liking

Enough a man would thinke to stay my stomach,

But what's fifteene, or fifteene score to my thoughts ?

And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,

But to encrease my objects ? this last wench

Sticks plaguy close unto me : a hundred pound

I were as close to her : if I lov'd now

As many foolish men doe, I should run mad.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Secunda.

Enter old Sebastian, and Lancelot.

Seb. Sirha, no more of your French shrugs & advise you,
If you be lowzie, shift your selfe.

Lan. May it please your worships.

Seb. Onely to see my sonne, my sonne good Lancelot:
Your Master, and my sonne: body O me fir,
No money, no more money Monsieur Lancelot,
Not a denecre, sweet Signior: bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom: Monsieur Thomas,
Or get you gone agen, *du gara whee fir*,
Bassa mi cu, good Lancelot, valetote,
My boy, or nothing.

Lan. Then to answer punctually.

Seb. Ifay to 'th purpose.

Lan. Then I say to 'th purpose,
Because your Worships vulgar understanding
May meet me at the necest: your sonne, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas, (for so his travell stiles him)
Through many forraigne plots that vertue meets with,
And dangers (I beseech ye give attention)
Is at the last ariv'd
To aske your (as the French man calls it sweetly)
Benediction, *de jour en jour*.

Seb. Sirha, do not conjure me with your French furies.

Lan. *Che ditt'a von*, Monsieur.

Seb. *Che dog a von*, Rascall:

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly
And quickly sirha, lest I crack your French crowne,
What your good Master meanes: I have maintain'd
You and your Monsieur, as I take it Lancelot
These two yeeres at your *ditty vons*, your *jours*:

Your

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

For me no more, for not another penny
Shall passe my purse.

Lan. Your Worship is erroneous,
For as I told you, your Sonne *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My Master, and your sonne is now arriv'd
To aske ye, as our language beares it neereft
Your quotidian blessing, and here he is in person.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What *Tom*, boy, welcome with all my heart boy,
Welcome 'faith, thou hast gladded me at soule boy,
Infinite glad I am, I have praied too, *Thomas*
For you wilde *Thomas*, *Tom*, I thank thee hartily
For comming home.

Thom. Sir, I doe finde your prayers
Have much much prevail'd above my sins.

Seb. How's this?

Thom. Else certaine I had perish'd with my rudenesse,
Ere I had won my selfe to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter finde.

Seb. Humh, humh,
Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoild.

Thom. Sirah, you rogue, look for't, for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable then thou thoughtst thy selfe
Before thou travelledst: thou hast told my father
I know it, and I finde it, all my rogueries
By meere way of prevention to undoe me.

Lan. Sir, as I speake eight languages, I onely
Told him you came to aske his benediction,
De jour en jour.

Thom. But that I must be civill,
I would beat thee like a dog: sir, howsoever
The time I have mispent may make you doubtfull,
Nay, harden your believe 'gainst my conversion,

Seb. A pox o' travell, I say.

Thom. Yet deere father
Your owne experience in my after courses.

Enter

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prethee no more ; t'is scurvy ; ther's thy fister
Vndon without redemption : he eates with picks
Vtterly fpoyle, his fpirit baffell'd in him.
How have I find that this affliction
Should light fo heayie on me. I have no more fonnes ;
And this no more mine owne, no fpark of nature
Allows him mine now, he's growne tame : my grand curfe
Hang ore his head that thus transform'd thee : travell ?
Ile fend my horfe to travell next : we monfieur,
Now will my moft canonicall deere neighbours
Say I have found my fonne, and rejoyce with me
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not ;
But I am fure, this Monfieur, this fine gentleman
Will never be in my books like mad *Thomas*,
I muft goe feeke an heire, for my inheritance
Muft not turne fecretary : my name and quality
Has kept my land three hundred yeers in madneffe,
And it flip now, may it finke. *Exit.*

Tho. Excellent fister,
I am glad to fee thee well : but wher's my father ?

Dor. Gone difcontent, it feemes.

Thom. He did ill in it
As he dos all : for I was uttering
A handsome fpeech or two, I have been ftudying
Ere fince I came from *Paris* : how glad to fee thee ?

Dor. I am gladder to fee you, with more love too
I dare maintaine it, then my fathers forry
To fee (as he fupposes) your converfion :
And I am fure he is vext, nay more I know it,
He has prai'd againft it mainely : but it appeares fir
Ye had rather blinde him with that poore opinion,
Then in your felfe correct it, deereft brother,
Since there is in our uniforme refemblance,
No more to make us two, but our bare fexes :
And fince one happy birth produced us hither,]

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Let one more happy minde.

Thom. It ſhall be ſiſter,
For I can doe it when I liſt : and yet wench
Be mad too when I pleaſe : I have the trick on't.
Beware a traveller.

Dor. Leave that trick too,

Thom. Not for the world : but wher's my Miſtreſſe
And prethee ſay how do's ſhe ? I melt to ſee her,
And preſently : I muſt a way.

Dor. Then doe ſo.

For o' my ſath ſhe will not ſee your brother.

Thom. Not ſee me ? I'le.

Dor. Now you play your true ſelf ;
How would my father love this ! I'le aſſure ye
She will not ſee you : ſhe has heard, (and lowdly)
The gambolls that you plaid ſince your departure,
In every Towne ye came, your ſeverall miſcheiſes,
Your rowſes, and your wenches : all your quarrells,
And the no cauſes of 'em : theſe I take it
Although ſhe love ye well, to modeſt eares,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travell was propounded by her Vncle,
Muſt needs, and reaſon for it, be examined,
And by her modeſty, and fear'd too light too
To ſyle with her affections : ye have loſt her
For any thing I ſee, exil'd your ſelfe.

Thom. No more of that ſweet *Doll*, I will be civill.

Dor. But how long ?

Thom. Wouldſt thou have me loſe my birth-right ?
For yond old thing will diſinherit me
If I grow too demure : good ſweet *Doll*, prethee :
Prethee deere ſiſter, let me ſee her.

Dor. No.

Thom. Nay, I beſeech thee : by this light.

Dor. I ſwagger.

Thom. Kiſſe me, and be my friend, we two were twins.
And ſhall we now grow ſtrangers ?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault,

Thom.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Thom. Well, there be other women, and remember
You, you were the cause of this: there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em: fare ye well,
And other loves: what shall become of me
And of my vanities, because they grieve ye. (there?)

Dor. Come hither, come, do you see that clowd that flies
So light are you, and blown with every fancy:
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civill?
I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: doe you love your Miftresse?

Thom. He lyes, that fayses I doe not.

Dor. Would ye see her?

Thom. If you please: for it must be so.

Dor. And appeare to her
A thing to be belov'd?

Thom. Yes.

Dor. Change then
A little of your wildenesse into wisedome,
And put on a more smoothnesse:
I'll doe the best I can to helpe ye, yet
I doe protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more: where's your mans heart
What doe you faint at this? (now?)

Thom. She is a woman:
But he she entertaines next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter.

Dor. No thought of fighting:
Goe in, and there wee'l talke more: be but rul'd,
And what lyes in my power, ye shall be sure of.

Exeunt

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Al. **H**Ee cannot be so wilde still.
Ma. 'Tis most certaine
I have now heard all, and all the truth,

Al. Grant all that :
Is he the first, that h'as bin giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairely home? he is yong, and tender
And fit for that impressiõ; your affections
Shall stamp upon him, age brings on discretion,
A yeere hence, these mad toyes that now possesse him
Will shew like bugbeares to him, shapes to fright him;
Marriage dissolves all these like mists.

Mar. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father
And to his grave they will haunt him.

Al. 'Tis your feare
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love
However you may seeme to lessen it
with these dislikes, and choake it with these errors,
Do what you can will break out to excuse him,
Ye have him in your hart, and planted, Cofin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion
Can ever roote him.

Mar. Planted in my heart Aunt?
Beleeve it no, I never was so liberall:
What though he shew a so so comely fellow
Which we call pretty? or say it may be hanfom?
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodnesse in him, sometimes use too?

Al. How willingly thy heart betrayes thee cofin?
Cozen thy selfe no more: thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, then he that's thirsty

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Has to abftaine from drinke ftanding before him:
His mind is not fo monftrous for his fhape
If I have eyes; I have not feene his better.

A hanfom browne complexion

Mar. Reasonable

Inclining to a tawney.

Al. Had I faid fo

You would have wifh'd my tongue out: then his making.

Mar. Which may be mended: I have feene leggs ftraiter.
And cleaner made.

Al. A body too,

Mar. Far neater,
And better fet together.

Alice God forgive thee,
For againft thy confcience thou lyeft stubbornely.

Mar. I grant 'tis neat enough.

Alice 'Tis excellent,
And where the outward parts are faire and lovely,
(Which are but molds o'th minde) what muft the foule be?
Put cafe youth has his fwinge, and fyery nature
Flames to mad ufes many times.

Mar. All this

You onely ufe, to make me fay I love him:
I doe confeffe I doe, but that my fondneffe
Should fling it felfe upon his desperate follies.

Alice I doe not counfell that, fee him reclaim'd firft,
Which will not prove a miracle, yet *Mary*
I am afraid 'twill vexee thee horribly
To ftay fo long.

Mar. No, no Aunt, no beleeve me.

Alice What was your dreame to night? for I obferv'd ye
Hugging of me; with good, decre, fweet *Tom*.

Mar. Fye Aunt,
Vpon my confcience.

Alice On my word 'tis true wench:
And then ye kifs'd me *Mary*, more then once too,
And figh'd, and O fweet *Tom* againe: nay, doe not blufh,
Ye have it at the heart wench.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Mar. I'll be hang'd firſt,
But you muſt have your way. *Enter Dorothea.*

Alice And ſo will you too,
Or breake down hedges for it: *Dorothea,*
The welcom'ſt woman living: how do's thy brother?
I heare he's turn'd a wondrous civill gentleman
Since his ſhort travell.

Dor. Pray heaven he make it good *Alice.*

Mar. How doe ye friend, I have a quarrell to ye,
Ye ſtole away, and left my company.

Dor. O pardon me, deere friend, it was to welcome
A brother, that I have ſome cauſe to love well.

Mar. Prethee how is he? thou ſpeak'ſt truth.

Dor. Not perfect:
I hope he will be.

Mar. Never: ha's forgot me,
I heare wench, and his hot love too:

Alice Thou would'ſt howle then.

Mar. And I am glad it ſhould be ſo; his travels
Have yeelded him variety of Miſtreſſes,
Fairer in his eye farre.

Alice O cogging rascal.

Mar. I was a foole, but better thoughts I thank heaven.

Dor. Pray do not think ſo, for he loves you deereſely,
Vpon my troth moſt firmly: would faine ſee you.

Mar. See me friend? doe you thinke it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loſſe of credit too: he's not
Such a prodigious thing, ſo monſtrous,
To ſling from all ſociety.

Mar. His ſo much contrary
To my deſires, ſuch an antipathy
That I muſt ſooner ſee my grave.

Dor. Deere friend,
He was not ſo before he went.

Mar. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his ſane converſion.

Alice Come, do not maſke your ſelfe, but ſee him freely,
Ye

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Ye have a minde.

Mar. That minde I'll master then.

Dor. And is your hate so mortall?

Mar. Not to his person,

But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,

Which still like *Hydras* heads grow thicker on him.

I have a credit friend, and maids of my sort,

Love where their modesties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then: pray for your friends sake,
If I have any interest within ye.

Doe but this courtesie, accept this Letter.

Mar. From him?

Dor. The same: 'tis but a minutes reading,

And as we looke on shapes of painted divels,

Which for the present may disturb our fancy,

But with the next new object loose 'em, so

If this be foule, ye may forget it, pray:

Mar. Have ye seene it friend?

Dor. I will not lye: I have not,

But I presume, so much he honours you,

The worst part of himselfe was cast away

When to his best part he writ this.

Mar. For your sake,

Not that I any way shall like his scribling.

Alice A shrewd dissembling queane.

Dor. I thanke ye deere friend,

I know she loves him.

Alice Yes, and will not loose him,

Vnlesse he leap into the Moone, beleeve that,

And then shee'll scramble too: yong wenches loves

Are like the course of quarterns, they may shift

And seeme to cease sometimes, and yet we see

The least distemper puls 'em backe againe,

And seats 'em in their old course: feare her not,

Vnlesse he be a devill.

Mar. Now heaven blesse me,

Dor. What has he writ?

Mar. Out, out upon him.

Dor.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Dor. Ha, what has the mad man done ?

Mar. Worse, worse, and worse still,

Alice Some northerne toy, a little broad.

Mar. Still fowler ?

Hay, hay boyes: goodnesse keep me: oh ?

Dor. What ayle ye ?

Mar. Here, take your spell againe, it burnes my fingers,
Was ever Lover writ so sweet a Letter,
So elegant a stile ? pray looke upon't :
The rarest inventory of ranke oathes
That ever cut-purse cast.

Alice What a mad boy is this ?

Mar. Onely i'th bottome
A little julip gently sprinckled over
To coole his mouth, lest it breake out in blisters,
Indeed law. Yours for ever.

Dor. I am sorry.

Mar. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me vertuously,
But for your brother, you must pardon me,
Till I am of his nature, no accessse friend,
No word of visitation, as ye love me,
And so for now Ile leave ye.

Exit.

Alice What a letter
Has this thing written, how it roares like thunder ?
With what a state he enters into stile.
Deere Mistresse.

Dor. Out upon him bedlam.

Alice Well, there be waies to reach her yet: such likenesse
As you two carry me thinks.

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: fare ye well,
The foole shall now fish for himselfe.

Alice Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong: and next no swearing,
He'l catch no fish else. Farewell *Doll.*

Dor. Farewell *Alice.*

Exeunt.

Actus

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cell. | Ndeed he's much chang'd, extreemely alter'd,
| His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The ayre,
The sharpe and nipping ayre of our new clymat
I hope is all, which will as well restore
To health againe th'affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous,
How do's my sweet, our blessed houre comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, (it knocks at dore)
In which our loves, and long desires like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together,
Within these too daies deere.

Cel. When heaven, and you sir
Shall thinke it fit: for by your wils I am govern'd,

Alice 'Twere good some preparation.

Enter Franck.

Val. All that may be:
It shall be no blinde wedding: and all the joy
Of all our friends I hope: he looks worse hourly:
How do's my friend, my selfe? he swears too coldly,
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spowt,
Scarce gives his function: how i'st man, alas sir,
You looke extreme ill: is it any old grieve,
The weight of which?

Fra. None, gentle sir, that I feele
Your love is too too tender.
Nay beleeve sir,

Cell. You cannot be the master of your health,
Either some feaver lyes in wait to catch ye,
Whose harbinger's already in your face

Monheur Thomas, a Comedy.

We see preparing: or some discontent,
Which if it lye in this house, I dare say
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soft'n'd,
And where the cause is.

Fra. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a vertuous faire Physitian
Is ready to releeve: your noble cares
I must, and ever shall be thankfull for,
And would my service (I dare not looke upon her)
But be not fearefull, I feele nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' alteration
Of ayre, may hang upon me: my heart's whole,
(I would it were)

Val. I knew the cause to be so.

Fra. No, you shall never know it.

Alice Some warme broths
To purge the bloud, and keep your bed a day Sir,
And sweat it out.

Cel. I have such cordials,
That if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly,
I'll be your Doctor, you shall see how finely
I'll fetch ye up againe.

Val. He sweats extreamely:
Hot, very hot: his pulse beats like a drum now,
Feele sister, feele, feele sweet.

Fra. How that touch flung me?

Val. My gowne there.

Cel. And those iulips in the window.

Alice Some see his bed made.

Val. This is most unhappy,
Take courage man, 'tis nothing but an ague.

Cel. And this shall be the last fit.

Fra. Not by thousands:
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feele at full experience.

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Alice He growes fainter.

Val. Come, leade him in, he ſhall to bed: a vomit,
I'll have a vomit for him.

Alice A purge firſt,
And if he breath'd a veyne.

Val. No, no, no bleeding,
A Clyſter will coole all.

Cell. Be of good cheere Sir.

Alice He's loth to ſpeake.

Cel. How hard he holds my hand Aunt?

Alice I doe not like that ſigne.

Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly, he's full of paine, be diligent
With all the care ye have: would I had leus'd him. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Dorothea and Thomas.

Dor. **V**Hy do you raile at me? do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that? your Letter,
A wilde-fire on your Letter; our ſweet Letter;
You are ſo learned in your writs: ye ſtand now
As if ye had worried ſheepe: you muſt turne tipper,
And ſuddenly, and truely, and diſcreetly
Put on the ſhape of order and humanity,
Or you muſt marry *Malkyn* the May Lady:
You muſt, deere brother: doe you make me carrier
Of your confound-mee's, and your culverings?
Am I a ſeemely agent for your othes?
Who would have writ ſuch a debesh'd?

Thom. Your patience,
May not a man profeſſe his Love?

Dor. In blaſphemies?
Rack a maids tender eares, with dam's and divels?

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Thom. Out, out upon thee.
how would you have me write ?
Begin with my love premised ? surely,
And by my truly Miftrefle

Dor. Take your owne courfe
For I fee all pertwafion's loft upon ye :
Humanitie, all drownd : from this howre fayrely

Tho. Ile wash my hands of all ye do : farewell Sir,
Thou art not mad ?

Dor. No, if I were, deere brother
I would keep you company : get a new Miftrefle
Som suburb Sant, that fix pence, and fom others
Will draw to parley : carowfe her health in Cans
And candles ends, and quarrell for her beauty,
Such a sweet hart must ferve your turne : your old love
Releafes ye of all your tyes; difclaimes ye

And utterly abjures your memory
Till time has better mannag'd ye, will ye comand me

Tho. What bobd of all fides ?

Dor. Any worthy fervice
Vnto my father fir, that I may tell him
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoycing.
Ye are his true fon *Thom* ftill ? will it please ye
To beat fome halfe a dozen of his fervants prefently
That I may teftifie you have brought the fame faith
Vnblemifhd home, ye carried out ? or if it like you
There be two chambermaids within, yong wenches,
Handfom and apt for exercife: you have bin good, fir,
And charitable though I fay it Signiour
To fuch poore orphans : and now, by th' way I think on't
Your yong reare Admirall, I meane your laft bastard
Don Iohn, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
Is by an Academy of learned Gypsies,
Forefeeing fome ftrange wonder in the infant
Stolne from the Nurfe, and wanders with thofe Prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good ftore fir,
When your wants fhall fupply it. So moft humbly
(Firft rendring my due fervice) I take leave fir.

Exit.
Tho.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I fay: my letter fubd too,
And no acceffe without I mend my manners?
All my defignes in Limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the divell rore,
I am resolv'd that, if ſhe live above ground,
I'll not be bobd i'th noſe with every bobtaile:
I will be civill too: now I thinke better,
Exceeding civill, wondrous finely carried:
And yet be mad upon occaſion,
And ſtarke mad too, and ſave my land: my father:
I'll have my will of him, how ere my wench goes. *Exit.*

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirha, I ſay ſtill you have ſpoild your Maſter: leave
I ſay thou haſt ſpoild thy maſter. (your ſtiches:

Lan. I ſay how fir?

Seb. Marry thou haſt taught him like an arrant rascal,
Firſt to reade perfectly: which on my bleſſing
I warn'd him from: for I knew if he read once,
He was a loſt man. Secondly, fir *Launcelot*,
Sir lowſie *Launcelot*, ye have ſuffer'd him
Againſt my power firſt, then againſt my precept.
To keepe that ſimpring ſort of people company,
That ſober men call civill: marke ye that Sir?

Lan. And't pleaſe your worſhip.

Seb. It does not pleaſe my worſhip,
Nor ſhall not pleaſe my worſhip: third and laſtly,
Which if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However I will lame thee) like a villaine,
Thou haſt wrought him
Cleane to forget what 'tis to doe a miſchiefe,
A handſome miſchiefe, ſuch as thou knew'ſt I lov'd well.
My ſervants all are ſound now, my drink ſowrd,
Not a horſe pawnd, nor plaid away: no warrants
Come for the breach of peace.
Men travell with their money, and nothing meets 'em:
I was accurs'd to ſend thee, thou wert ever
Leaning to lazineſſe, and loſſe of ſpirit,

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Thou slept'st still like a corke upon the water,
Your worship knowes, I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd, and please you to remember,
Every day drunke too, for your worships credit,
I broke the Butlers head too.

Seb. No base Palliard
I doe remember yet that an slaught, thou wast beaten,
And fledst before the Butler: a blacke jacke
Playing vpon thee furiously, I saw it:
I saw thee scatter'd rogue, behold thy Master.

Enter Thomas with a Booke.

Thom. What sweet content dwels here?

La. Put up your booke sir,
We are all undone else.

Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race?

Tho. I know not sir.

Seb. You will be there?

Tho. Not I sir,
I have forgot those journeyes.

Seb. Spoild for ever,
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jacke Wild-oats, and Will Purser.

Tho. I am sorry sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly,
Their understandings will beare better courses.

Seb. Yes, I will marry agen: but Monsieur Thomas,
What say ye to the gentleman that challenged ye
Before he went, and the fellow ye fell out with?

Thom. O good Sir,
Remember not those follies: where I have wronged sir,
(So much I have now learn'd to discern my selfe)
My meanes, and my repentance shall make even,
Nor doe I thinke it any imputation
To let the law periwade me.

Seb. Any woman:
I care not of what colour, or complexion,

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Any that can beare children: rest ye merry. **Exit.**

La. Ye have utterly undone: cleane discharg'd me,
I am forragged regiment.

Tho. At languages,
And wither at an old mans words?

La. O pardon me.

I know him but too well: eight score I take it
Will not keepe me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to breake a leg, and thank him:
You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little.
What had an oath or two bin? or a head broke,
Though t'had been mine, to have satisfied the old man?

Tho. I'll breake it yet.

La. Now 'tis too late, I take it:
Will ye be drunk to night, (a lesse intreaty
Has serv'd your turne) and save all yet? not mad drunk,
For then ye are the divell, yet the drunker,
The better for your father still: your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure ye must recover it:
Doe something, doe fir: doe some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.

Tho. Goe for a Fidler then: the poore old Fidler
That sayes his songs: but first where lyes my Mistresse,
Did ye enquire out that?

La. I'th Lodge, alone fir,
None but her owne attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, finde this Fidler, and doe not misse me
By nine a clocke.

La. Vias

Exit.

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherite me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What Rybabalde?

Enter.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Don Thomasio.

De bene venew.

Tho. I doe embrace your body :

How do'st thou Sam.

Sam. The same Sam still: your friend fir.

Tho. And how is't bouncing boyes ?

Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,

They said thou wert all Monsieur.

Tho. O beleve it,

I am much alter'd, much another way :

The civil'st Gentleman in all your Country :

Doe not ye see me alter'd? ye, and nay Gentlemen.

A much converted man: wher's the best wine boyes ?

Hyl. A found Convertike.

Tho. What hast thou made up twenty yet ?

Hyl. By'r Lady,

I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for as I take it,

The last I fell in love with, scor'd sixteene.

Tho. Look to your skin, Rambaldo the sleeping Gyant

Will rowze, and rent thee piece-meale.

Sam. He nev'r perceives'em

Longer then looking on.

Tho. Thou never meanest then

To marry any that thou lov'st ?

Hyl. No surely,

Nor any wile man I thinke; marriage ?

Would you have me now begin to be prentize,

And learne to cobble other mens old boots ?

Sam. Why you may take a Maid,

Hyl. Where? can you tell me ?

Or if 'twere possible I might get a Maid,

To what use should I put her? looke upon her,

Dandle her upon my knee, and give her suger fops ?

All the new gowns i'th parish will not please her,

If she be high bred, for ther's the sport she aymes at,

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.

Thom. Then take a widow,
A good ftanch wench, that tith,

Hyl. And begin a new order,
Live in a dead mans monument, not I fir,
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant:
What pleasure this day yeelds me, I never coveit
To lay up for the morrow: and me thinks ever
Another mans cooke dresses my dyet neatest. (noled,

Thom. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat, and flat
And thou wouldst say they kist like Flounders, flat
All the face over.

Hyl. I have had such damfels
I must confesse.

Tho. Thou hast been a pretious rogue.

Sam. Onely his eyes: and O my conscience
They lye with half the kingdome.

Enter over the stage, Physitians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither goe all these men-menders, these Physitians?
Whose dog lyes sicke o'th mulligrubs?

Sam. O the Gentleman,
The yong smug Signiour, Master *Valentine*,
Brought out of travell with him, as I heare
Is falne sick o'th sudden, desperate sicke,
And likely they goe thither.

Tho. Who? yong *Frank*?
The onely temper'd spirit, Scholler, Souldier,
Courtier: and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. Ther's one can better satisfie you.

Tho. Mistresse *Alice*,
I joy to see you Lady.

Alice Good Monfieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your travell: I am hasty,
A Gentleman lies sicke fir.

Tho. And how do'st thou?

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

I must know, and I will know.

Alice Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.

Thom. I am glad on't,
And prethee harke.

Alice I cannot stay.

Thom. A while *Alice*.

Sam. Never looke so narrowly, the mark's in her mouth

Hyl. I am looking at her legs, prethee be quiet.

Alice I cannot stay.

Thom. O sweet *Alice*.

Hyl. A cleane instep,
And that I love a life: I did not marke
This woman halfe so well before, how quicke
And nimble like a shadow, there her leg shew'd:
By th' mas a neat one, the colour of her stocking,
A much inviting colour.

Alice My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talke now.

Hyl. Pretty breeches,
Finely becomming too.

Thom. By heaven.

Alice She will not,
I can assure you that, and so

Tho. But this word.

Alice I cannot, nor I will not: good Lord.

Hyl. Well you shall heare more from me.

Thom. Wee'll goe visite

'Tis charity: besides I know she is there:

And under visitation I shall see hir.

Will ye along?

Hyl. By any meanes.

Thom. Be sure then

I be a civill man: I have sport in hand boyes

Shall make mirth for a marriage day.

Hyl. Away then.

(Still,

Exit.

Exeunt

Scena

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Physicians with an Urinall.

1 *Phis.* A Plurisie, I see it.

2 I rather hold it
For tremor cordis.

3 Doe you marke the Pheses?
'Tis a most pestilent contagious feaver,
A surfet, a plaguy surfet: he must bleed.

1 By no meanes.

3 I say bleed.

1 I say 'tis dangerous:

The person being spent so much before hand,
And nature drawne so low, clysters, coole clysters.

2 Now with your favours, I should think a vomit:
For take away the cause, the effect must follow,
The stomack's foule and sur'd, the pot's unflam'd yet.

3 No, no, wee'l rectifie that part by milde meanes,
Nature so funke, must finde no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Wilt please ye draw neere? the weake gentleman
Growes worse and worse still.

1 Come, we will attend him.

2 He shall doe well my friend.

Ser. My masters love sir.

1 Excellent well I warrant thee, right and straight friend.

3 Ther's no doubt in him, none at all, nev'r feare him.

Exeunt.

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

I muſt know, and I will know.

Alice Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.

Thom. I am glad on't,
And prethee harke.

Alice I cannot ſtay.

Thom. A while *Alice*.

Sam. Never looke ſo narrowly, the mark's in her mouth

Hyl. I am looking at her legs, prethee be quiet.

Alice I cannot ſtay.

Thom. O ſweet *Alice*.

Hyl. A cleane inſtep,
And that I love a life: I did not marke
This woman halfe ſo well before, how quicke
And nimble like a ſhadow, there her leg ſhew'd:
By th' mas a neat one, the colour of her ſtocking,
A much inviting colour.

Alice My good Monſieur,
I have no time to talke now.

Hyl. Pretty breeches,
Finely becomming too.

Thom. By heaven.

Alice She will not,
I can aſſure you that, and ſo

Tho. But this word.

Alice I cannot, nor I will not: good Lord.

Hyl. Well you ſhall heare more from me.

Thom. Wee'll goe viſite

'Tis charity: beſides I know ſhe is there:

And under viſitation I ſhall ſee hir.

Will ye along?

Hyl. By any meanes.

Thom. Be ſure then

I be a civill man: I have ſport in hand boyes

Shall make mirth for a marriage day.

Hyl. Away then.

(Still,

Exit.

Exeunt

Scena

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Phyſicians with an Vrinall.

1 *Phif.* A Pluriſie, I ſee it.

2 I rather hold it
For tremor cordis.

3 Doe you marke the Pheses?
'Tis a moſt peſtilent contagious feaver,
A ſurfet, a plaguy ſurfet: he muſt bleed.

1 By no meanes.

3 I ſay bleed.

1 I ſay 'tis dangerous:

The perſon being ſpent ſo much before hand,
And nature drawne ſo low, clyſters, coole clyſters.

2 Now with your favours, I ſhould think a vomit:
For take away the cauſe, the effect muſt follow,
The ſtomack's foule and ſur'd, the pot's unſtam'd yet.

3 No, no, wee'l rectifie that part by milde meanes,
Nature ſo ſunke, muſt finde no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Wilt pleaſe ye draw neere? the weake gentleman
Growes worſe and worſe ſtill.

1 Come, we will attend him.

2 He ſhall doe well my friend.

Ser. My maſters love ſir.

1 Excellent well I warrant thee, right and ſtraight friend.

3 Ther's no doubt in him, none at all, nev'r feare him.

Exeunt.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mich. **T**Hat he is desperate sick, I do beleeeve well,
And that without a speedy cure, it kills him,
But that it lyes within the helpe of phyficke,
Now to restore his health, or are to cure him:
Beleeve it you are colened: cleane beside it.
I would tell ye the true cause too, but 'twould vex ye,
Nay, run ye mad.

Val. May all I have restore him?
So deere and so tenderly I love him,
I doe not know the cause why, yea my life too.

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis amor, est medicabilis herbis.

Val. 'Twas that I onely fear'd: good friend go from me,
I finde my heart too full for further conference:
You are assur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certaine,
But beare it nobly fir, youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank ye: pray ye no words on't,
I doe not use to talke fir. *Exit.*

Val. Ye are welcome:
Is there no constancy in earthly things:
No happinesse in us, but what must alter,
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to our selves,
Even then when full content seemes to sit by us,
What daily sores, and sorrowes?

Enter Alice.

Alice. O deere brother,
The Gentleman if ev. r you will see him
Alive as I think.

Enter

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for heaven ſake,
For heaven ſake ſir.

Val. Goe comfort him deere ſiſter. *Exit Alice.*
And one word ſweet, with you: then we'll go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman?

Cel. My pity thinks ſir,
'Tis great miſfortune, that he ſhould thus periſh.

Val. It is indeed: but *Cellide*, he muſt dye.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him,
Why doe you weep ſo ſir, he may recover?

Val. He may, but with much danger: my ſweet *Cellide*
You have a powerfull tongue.

Cel. To doe you ſervice.

Val. I will betray his griefe: he loves a gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whole heart another holds,
He knowes it too: yet ſuch a ſway blinde fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they muſt undoe him:
Never ſo hopefull and ſo ſweet a ſpirit,
Miſfortune fell ſo foule on.

Cel. Sure ſhe's hard hearted,
That can looke on, and not relent, and deeply
At ſuch a miſery: ſhe is not married?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor neere it?

Val. When ſhe pleaſe.

Cel. And pray ſir,

Do's he deſerve her truly, that ſhe loves ſo?

Val. His love may merit much: his perſon little,
For there the match lyes mangled.

Cel. Is he your friend?

Val. He ſhould be, for he is neere me.

Cel. Will not he dye then?

When th'other ſhall recover?

Val. Ye have poſ'd me.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Cel. Me thinks he should goe neere it, if he love her ;
If she love him

Val. She do's, and would doe equall :

Cel. 'Tis A hard taske you put me : yet for your sake
I will speake to her : all the art I have :
My best endeavors : all his youth, and person,
His mind more full of beautis : all his hopes,
The memory of such a sad example,
All spoken of, and never old : the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alleag'd
He lay before her : what's her name ? I am ready

Val. But will you deale effectually ?

Cel. Most truly :

Nay were it my selfe, at your entreaty.

Val. And could ye be so pittifull ?

Cel. So dutifull ;

Because you urge it sir,

Val. It may be, then

It is your selfe

Cel. It is in deed, I know it :

And now know how ye love me.

Val. O my dearest,

Let but your goodnesse judge : your owne part: pity :

Set but your eyes on his afflictions :

He is mine, and so becomes your charge: but thinke

What ruine nature suffers in this yong man,

What losse humanity, and noble manhood :

Take to your better judgement my declining,

My age, hung full of impotence, and ils,

My body budding now no more: seere winter

Hath seal'd that sap up, at the best and happiest

I can but be your infant: you my nurse,

And how unequalle deere: where his yeeres,

His sweetnesse, and his ever spring of goodnesse,

My fortunes growing in him, and my selfe too,

Which makes him all your old love: misconceive not,

I say not this, as weary of my bondage,

Or ready to infringe my faith: beare witness,

Those

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have.

Cel. You have said enough fir,
And more then ere I thought that tongue could utter,
- But ye are a man, a false man too.

Val. Deere Cellide.

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Rob'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondnesse,
The Gentleman shall live: and if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs: I will to him,
And as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easie winning,
So will I lose the name of *Valentine*,
From henceforth all his flatteries, and beleeve it,
Since ye have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for:
From this houre, no repentance, vowe, nor prayers
Shall plucke me backe agen: what I shall doe,
Yet I will undertake his cure, expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations.

Val. Why let him dye then.

Cel. No, so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I doe?

Cel. Dye like a foole unforrow'd?
A bankrupt foole, that flings away his treasure?
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my crosses.

Exeunt.

Alas.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Franck sick, Physicians, and a Apothecary.

1 *Phis.* **C**lap on the Cataplasme.

Fra. Good Gentlemen,
Good learned Gentlemen.

2 And see those brothes there,
Ready within this house, pray keep your armes in,
The syre is raw, and ministers much evill.

Fra. Pray leave me: I beseech ye leave me gentlemen,
I have no other sicknesse but your presence,
Convey your Cataplasmes to thole that need 'em,
Your Vomits, and your Clysters.

3 Pray be rul'd sir.

1 Bring in the Lettice cap: you must be shaved sir,
And then how suddenly wee'l make you sleep.

Fra. Till doomes-day: what unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded minde?

2 How doe ye?

Fra. What questions they propound too: how do you sir?
I am glad to see you well.

3 A great distemper, it growes hotter still!

1 Open your mouth I pray sir.

Fra. And can you tell me
How old I am then? there's my hand, pray shew me
How many broken shins within this two yeare.
Who would be thus in fetters, good master Doctor,
And you deere Doctor, and the third sweet Doctor
And pretious master Apothecary, I doe pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye stand before me like my blacks.

2 'Tis dangerous,
For now his fancy turnes too.

Enter

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Enter Cellide.

Cell. By your leave Gentlemen :
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have something
Of secret to imparr unto the patient.

1 Withall our hearts.

3 I mary such a Phyficke
May chance to find the humour : be not long Lady
For we must minister within this halfe houre. *Exit. Plus.*

Cell. You shall not stay for me.

Fra. Would you were all rotten
That ye might only intend one anothers itches :
Or would the Gentlemen with one consent
Would drinke small Beere but seven yeare, and abolish
That wild fire of the blond, untatiate wenching
That your too Indies, springs and fals might faile ye
What torments these intruders into bodies.

Cell. How do you worthy Sir ?

Fra. Blesse me, what beames
Flew from these angell eyes : O what a misery
What a most studded torment tis to me now
To be an honest man : dare ye sit by me ?

Cell. Yes ; and do more then that too : comfort ye
I see ye have need.

Fra. You are a faire Physitian :
You bring no bitternesse gilt ore, to gull us
No danger in your lookes, yet there my death lyes.

Cell. I would be sorry sir, my charity
And my good wishes for your health should merit
So stubborn a construction : will it please ye
To taste a little of this Cordiall
For this I thinke must cure ye.

Enter Valentine.

Fra. Of which Lady ?
Sure she has found my grieve ? why do you blush so ?

Cell. Do you not understand ? of this, this Cordiall.

Val. Of my afflicted heart : she is gon for ever.

Fra. What heaven ye have brought me Lady ?

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Cell. Do not wonder :

For tis not impudence, nor want of honour
Makes me do this : but love to ſave your life fir
Your life, too excellent to loole in wiſhes
Love, virtuous love.

Fra. A vertuous bleſſing crowne ye
O goodly ſweet, can there be ſo much charity
So noble a compaſſion in that heart
That's filled up with anothers faire affections ?
Can mercy drop from thoſe eyes.
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object
Lyes in anothers light : and his deſerves it ?

Cell. Do not diſpaire : nor do not thinke to boldly
I dare abuſe my promiſe, t'was your friends
And ſo faſt tyde, I thought no time could ruine :
But ſo much has your danger, and that ſpell
The powerfull name of friend, prevail'd above him.
To whom lever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full reſignement
And willingly I ratifie it.

Fra. Hold for heaven ſake,
Muſt my friends miſery make me a triumph ?
Beare I that noble name, to be a Traitor ?
O vertuous goodnes, keepe thy ſelfe untainted :
You have no power to yeeld, nor he to render
Nor I to take : I am reſolv'd to die firſt.

Val. Ha ; ſaiſt thou ſo ? nay then thou ſhalt not periſh.

Fra. And though I love ye above the light ſhines on me,
Beyond the wealth of Kingdomes, free content,
Sooner would I natch at ſuch a bleſſing offer'd
Then at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble beauty, yet O paradise
For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,
Yet is a gratitude to be preſerv'd
A worthy gratitude to one moſt worthy.
The name, and noblenes of friends.

Cell

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Cell. Pray tell me
If I had never knowne that gentleman
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fra. Do you make a doubt?

Cell. And can ye be unwilling
He being old and impotent : his aime too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsell? alas consider
Play but the woman with me, and consider
As he himselfe do's, and I now dare see it
Truly consider sir, what misery.

Fra. For vertues sake take heed.

Cell. What losse of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our yeares doe only covet to arive at
Equall affections and shot together :
What living name can dead age leave behind him
What art of memory but fruitlesse doating?

Fra. This cannot be.

Cell. To you unlesse ye apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it
I speake but of things possible, not done
Nor like to be, a posset cures your sicknesse
And yet I know ye grieve this ; and howsoever
The worthines of Friend may make ye stagger
Which is a faire thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would faine say more
If you would understand.

Val. O cruell Woman.

Cell. Yet sure your sicknesse is not so forgetfull
Nor you so willing to be lost. |

Fra. Pray stay there :
Me thinks you are not faire now ; me thinks more
That modest, vertue, men delivered of you
Shewes but like shadow to me, thin, and fading.

Val. Excellent Friend.

Fra. Ye have no share in goodnesse :
Ye are belyde ; you are not *Cellide*,

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

The modest, unaculate : who are ye ?
For I will know : what devill to do mischief
Vnto my vertuous Friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemished beauty.

Cell. Do not rave Sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract ye,
You shall enjoy me : I am yours : I pittie
By those faire eyes I do.

Fra. O double hearted,
O woman, perfect woman : what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou was't made a devill,
What an invyting hell invented ? tell me,
And if you yet remember what is goodnesse,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd
So fainted in the soule of him, whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours, and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And most religious with his love ; whose life
(And let it ever be remembred Lady)
Is drawne out only for your ends.

Val. O miracle.

Fra. Whose all, and every part of man : pray make me
Like ready Pages wait upon your pleasures ;
Whole breath is but your bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Must ye cast of this man, though he were willing,
Though in a noblenes, so crosse my danger
His friendship durst confirme it, without basenesse,
Without the staine of honour ? shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, ther's the Lady
That lost her Father, Friend, herselfe, her faith too,
To fawne upon a stranger, for ought you know
As faithlesse as your selfe, in love as fruitlesse ?

Val. Take her withall my heart, thou art so honest
That tis most necessary I be undone.

Cell. With all my soule possesse her.
Till this minut.

Exit, Val.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

I scorn'd, and hated ye, and came to colen ye :
Vtter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.

Fra. Good heaven, what is this woman ?

Cell. Nor did your danger, but in charity.
Move me a whit: nor you appeare unto me
More then a common object, yet, now truely,
Truely, and nobly I doe love ye deerely,
And from this houre, ye are the man I honour,
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The onely friend, and I am glad your sicknesse
Fell so most happily at this time on ye,
To make this truth the worlds.

Fra. Whether doe you drive me ?

Cell. Backe to your honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong built Castle, seated high,
That drawes on all ambitions, still repaire it,
Still fortifie it: there are thousand foes
Besides the tyrant beauty, will assaile it :
Looke to your Centin Is that watch it hourelly,
Your eyes, let them not wander.

Fra. Is this serious ?

Cell. Or do's she play still with me ?
Keep your eares,
The two maine ports that may betray ye strongly
From light beliefe first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley :
The body of your strength, your noble heart
From ever yeelding ro dishonest ends,
Rigd round about with vertue, that no breaches,
No subtile mynes may meet ye.

Fra. How like the Sun
Labouring in his eclipse, darke, and prodigious,
She shew'd till now? when having won her way,
How full of wonder he breakes out againe,
And sheds his vertuous beames: excellent Angell,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

For no leſſe can that heavenly minde proclaime thee,
Honour of all thy ſexe, let it be lawfull,
And like a pilgrim thus I kneele to beg it,
Not with prophane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wiſhes,
To kiſſe that virgin hand.

Cel. Take your deſire ſir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare truſt ye,
No other fruit my love muſt ever yeeld yee,
I feare no more: yet your moſt conſtant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthineſſe)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband,
Farewell, and fairely governe your affections,
Stand, and deceive me not: O noble yong man,
I love thee with my ſoule, but dare not ſay it:
Once more farewell, and proſper.

Exit.

Fra. Goodneſſe guide thee:
My wonder like to fearefull ſhapes in dreames,
Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
But not to ſhake it off: a ſpell dwels in me,
A hidden charme ſhot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'r avoid, nor phyſicke finde,
And by her counſell ſtrengthen'd: onely this
Is all the helpe I have, I love faire vertue.
Well, ſomething I muſt doe, to be a friend,
Yet I am poore, and tardy: ſomething for her too,
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatneſſe.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Saw.

Val. Be not uncivill *Tom*, and take your pleaſure.

Thom. Doe you think I am mad? you'l give me leave
To try her fairely?

Val. Doe your beſt.

Thom. Why there boy,
But wher's the ſicke man?

Hyl. Where are the gentlewomen

That

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

That should attend him, ther's the parent
Me thinks these women.

Thom. Thou thinkst nothing else.

Val. Goe to him friend, and comfort him: He leade ye:
O my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me,
I am so over-joy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankfull: bid your friends welcome.

Exit. Val.

Thom. How do'st thou *Frank*? how do'st thou boy, beare
What, shrink i'th sinewes for a little sicknesse? (up man:
Deavolo morte.

Fra. I am o'th mending hand.

Thom. How like a Flute thou speak'st: o'th mending hand
Gogs bores, I am well, speake like a man of worship. (man

Fra. Thou art a mad companion: never staid *Tom*?

Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation,
A gentleman may wander: sit thee down *Frank*,
And see what I have brought thee: come discover,
Open the seane, and let the work appeare,
A friend at need you rogue is worth a million.

Fra. What hast thou there, a julpip?

Hyl. He must not touch it,

'Tis present death.

Tho. Ye are an Ass, a twirepipe,
A *Jeffrey John bo peepe*, thou mimister,
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle, out puppey,
My friend *Frank*, but a very foolish fellow:
Do'st thou see that bottle? view it well.

Fra. I doe *Tom*.

Tom. There be as many lives in't, as a Cat carries,
'Tis everlasting liquor.

Fra. What?

Tom. Old Sack boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can reade yet,
Was that Philosophers Stone the wise King *Ptolomens*
Did all his wonders by.

Fra. I see no harme *Tom*,
Drinke with a moderation.

Tom.

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Tom. Drinke with ſuger;
Which I have ready here, and here a glaſſe boy,
Take me without my tooles.

Sam. Pray ſir be temperate,
You know your owne ſtate beſt.

Fra. Sir, I much thanke ye,
And ſhall be carefull: yet a glaſſe or two
So fit I finde my body, and that ſo needfull.

Tom. Fill it, and leave your fooling: thou ſay'ſt true *Frank.*

Hyl. Where are theſe women I ſay?

Tom. Tis moſt neceſſary,
Hang up your julips, and your portugall poſſets,
Your barley brothes, and ſorrell ſops, they are mangy,
And breed the ſcratches onely: give me Sack:
I wonder where this wench is thought: have at thee:

Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting.

Fra. Doe, I'll pledge thee.

(man

Tom. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Hunt:
With a cleere heart, and no more fits I warrant thee.

The onely Cordiall *Frank.*

Phis. within, & Serv.

Phis. Are the things ready?
And is the Barber come?

Ser. An houre agoe ſir.

Phis. Bring out the oyles then.

Fra. Now or never gentlemen,
Doe me a kindneſſe and deliver me.

Tom. From whom boy?

Fra. From theſe things, that talke within there,
Phyſitians, *Tom.* Phyſitians, ſcowering-fticks,
They meane to reade upon me.

Enter three Phis. Apoth. and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.

Tom. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee:
For looke ye Doctor, ſay the divell were ſicke now,
His hornes ſaw'd off and his head bound with a Biggin,
Sicke of a calenture taken by a ſurſet

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Of finking foules at his nephews, and S. *Dunstons*,
What would you minifter upon the fudden?
Your judgement fhort and foud.

1 *Ph.* A foolcs head.

Tom. No fir,

It must be a Phyfitians for three caufes,
The firft becaufe it is a bald head likely,
Which will down eafily without apple-pap.

3 *Phif.* A maine caufe.

Tom. So it is, and well confider'd,
The fecond, for 'tis fil'd with broken Greek fir,
Which will fo tumble in his stomacke, Doctor,
And worke upon the erudities, conceive me
The feares, and the fidle strings within it,
That thofe damn'd foules must difembogue againe.

Hyl. Or meeting with the ftygian humour.

Tom. Right fir.

Hyl. Forc'd with a cataplafme of crackers.

Tom. Ever.

Hyl. Scowre all before him, like a Scavenger.

Tom. *Satis fecisti domine:* my laft caufe,
My laft is, and not leaft, moft learned Doctors,
Becaufe in moft Phyfitians heads (I meane thofe
That are moft excellent, and old withall,
And angry, though a patient fay his prayers,
And *Paracelfians* that doe trade with poylons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kinde of toad-ftone bread, whole vertue
The Doctor being dri'd.

1 *Phif.* We are abus'd fir.

Hyl. I take it fo, or fhall be, for fay the belly-ake
Caus'd by an inundation of Peafe-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port veyne,
Or the port *Esquiline*?

Sam. A learned question:

Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The figne being then in the head of *Capricorne*.

Tom. Meet with the paffion *Hupercondriaca*,

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

And fo caufe a carnofitic in the kidneyes.

Tom. Muft not the brains being butter'd with this humour
Answer me that.

Sam. Moft excellently argued.

2 Phyf. The next fit you will have, my moft ficke fcholl
Bedlam fhall finde a lye for: fare ye well fir,
We came to doe you good, but thefe yong Doctors
It fchemes have boar'd our nofes.

3 Drinke hard Gentlemen,
And get unwholefome drabs: 'tis ten to one then
We fhall heare further from ye, your note alter'd.

Tom. And wilt thou be gone, faies one?

Hyl. And wilt thou be gone faies tother?

Toas. Then take the odde crowne
To mend thy old gowne.

Sam. And we be gone all together.

Fra. My learned Tom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the yong Gentlewomen
Sent me to fee what company ye had with ye.
They much defire to vifite ye.

Fra. Pray ye thanke 'em,
And tell 'em my moft fickneffe is their abfence:
Ye fee my company.

Tom. Come hither Crab,
What gentlewomen are thefe? my Miftrefle?

Ser. Yes fir.

Hyl. And who elfe?

Ser. Miftrefle Alice.

Hyl. Oh.

Tom. Harke ye fir ha.

No word of my being here, unleffe ſhe know it.

Ser. I doe not thinke ſhe do's.

Tom. Take that, and mum, then.

Ser. You have ty'd my tongue up.

Tom. Sit you downe good Francis,

And

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

And not a word of me till ye heare from me, and till ye
And as you finde my humour, follow it:
You two come hither, and stand close, unseene boyes,
And doe as I shall tutor ye.

Fran. What, new worke?

Tom. Prethee no more, but helpe me now,

Hyl. I would faine

Talke with the gentlewomen.

Tom. Talke with the gentlewomen?

Of what forsooth? whose maiden-head the last maske
Suffer'd impression, or whose clyster wrought best look
Take me as I shall tell thee.

Hyl. To what end?

What other end came we along?

Sam. Berul'd though.

Tom. Your wetzell face must needs be ferretting

About the farthing-ale,

Doe as I bid ye,

Or by this light.

Hyl. Come then,

Tom. Stand close and marke me,

Fran. All this fore'd foolery will never doe in.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice I hope we bring ye health fir: how is't with ye?

Ma. You look far better trust me, the fresh colour

Creeps now againe into his cheeks.

Alice Your enemy

I see has done his worst. Come, we must have ye

Lusty againe, and frolicke man; leave thinking

Ma. Indeed it do's ye harme fir.

Fra. My best visitants,

I shall be govern'd by ye.

Alice You shall be well then,

And suddenly, and soundly well.

Ma. This ayre fir

Having now leason'd ye: will keep ye ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope, nor is it fit friends,

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

My life has bin so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,
That any thing but curses light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my waies.

Alice Who's that sir,
Another sicke man.

Ma. Sure, I know that voyce well.

Tho. In all my courses, curelesse disobedience.

Fra. What a strangefellow's this?

Tho. No counsell friends,
No look before I leapt.

Alice Doe yo' know the voyce sir?

Fra. Yes, 'tis a gentlemans that's much afflicted
In's minde: great pittie Ladies.

Alice Now heaven help him.

Fra. He came to me, to aske free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appeare like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Ma. O that this could be truth.

Hyl. Perswade your selfe.

Tho. To what end gentlemen, when all is perish'd
Vpon a wrack, is there a hope remaining?
The sea, that nev'r knew sorrow, may be pittifull,
My credit's spilt, and funke, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as.

Ma. I like this well.

Sam. Your minde is too mistrustfull.

Tho. I have a vertuous sister, but I scorn'd her;
A Mistresse too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodnesse all out-going.

Alice Now I know him.

Thom. With these eyes friends, my eyes must nev'r see

Al. This is for your sake *Mary*: take heed cosen, (more.
A man is not so soone made.

Tom. O my fortune,
But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.

Hyl. Despaire not, 'tis not manly: one houres goodnesse
Strikes off an infinite of ils,

Alice

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Al. Weepe truly
And with compassion Cofin.

Fra. How exactly
This cunning yong theefe plaies his part.

Ma. Well *Tom*
My *Tom* againe, if this be truth.

Hyl. She weepes boy.

Tom. O I shall die.

Ma. Now heaven defend.

Sam. Thou haft her.

Tom. Come lead me to my Friend to take his farewell,
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome.
How do's it show ?

Hyl. O rarely well.

Ma. Say you fo Sir.

Fra. O ye grand Affe.

Ma. And are ye there my luggler
Away we are abus'd *Alice*.

Al. Foole be with thee.

Exit. Ma. and Al.

Tom. Where is she.

Fra. Gon; she found you out, and finely,
In your own nooze she halter'd ye : you must be whispering
To know how things shoud : not content to fare well.
But you must roare out roft meate ; till that fuspition
You carried it most neatly, she beleev'd too
And wept most tenderly ; had you continew'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tom. This was thy Rouging,
For thou wert ever whispering : fye upon thee
Now could I breake thy head.

Hyl. You spoke to me first.

Tom. Do not anger me,
For by this hand ile beate the buzard blind then
She shall not scape me thus : farewell for this time.

Fra. Good night, tis almost bed time : yet no sleepe
Must enter these eyes, till I worke a wonder.

Exit.

Tom. Thou shalt along too, for I meane to plague thee
For this nights sins, I will nev'r leave walking of thee

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Till I have worne thee out.

Hyl. Your will be done Sir.

Tom. You will not leave me *Sam.*

Sam. Not I.

To. Away then : ile be your guid now, if my man be crafty
My ſpightfull Dame, ile pipe ye ſuch a huntup
Shall make ye daunce a tipvaes : keepe cloſe to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sebastian, and Dorothy.

Seb. **N**Ever perſwade me, I will marry againe
What ſhould I leave my ſtare to, pins & poaking
To Farthingals, and frownces, to fore-horſes & ſticks
And a old leather bawdy houſe behind'en
To thee ?

Dor. You have a ſonne Sir.

Seb. Where, what is he ?

Who is he like ?

Dor. Your ſelfe.

Seb. Thou lyeſt, thou haſt mard him,
Thou, and thy praier bookes : I do diſclaime him :
Did not I take him ſinging yeſternight
A godly Ballad, to a godly tune roo,
And had a catechizme in's pocket Damiell,
One of your dreare diſciples, I perceive it ?
When did he ride abroad ſince he came over ?
What Taverne has he us'd to ? what things done
That ſhewes a man, and mettle ? when was my houſe
At ſuch a ſhame before, to creep to bed
At ten a clocke, and twelve, for want of company ?
No ſinging, nor no dauncing, nor no drinking ?
Thou think'ſt not of theſe ſcandals ; when, and where
Has he but ſhewd his ſword of late.

Dor. Diſpaire not

I do beſeech you Sir, nor tempt your weakneſſe,

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

For if you like it so, I can assure you
He is the same man still.

Seb. Would thou wert ashes
On that condition; but beleve it gossip
You shall know you have wronged.

Dor. You never Sir,
So will I know my duty: and for heaven sake,
Take but this counsell with ye ere you marry,
You were wont to heare me: take him, and confesse him
Search him toth' quick, and if you find him false
Do as please you; a Mothers name I honour.

Seb. He is lost, and spoild I am resolv'd my rooffe
Shall never harbour him: and for your Minion
Ile keepe you close enough, least you breake loofe
And do mote mischief; get ye in: who waits. *Exit. Dor.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you call Sir?

Seb. Seeke the Boy: and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: marke what house
He is in, and what he do's: and truly tell me.

Ser. I will not faile Sir.

Seb. If ye do, ile hang ye. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tom. **K**eepe you the backe doore there, and be sure
None of her servants enter, or goe out,
If any woman passe, she is lawfull prize, boyes
Cut off all convoyes.

Hyl. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearefull widgen,
I shall appeare toth' action.

Hyl. May we discourse too
On honourable tearmes?

Tho. With any gentlewoman

That

Monheur Thomas, a Comedy.

That shall appeare at window: ye may rehearse too
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a Chambermaid,

Hyl. May we sing too?
For ther's my master-piece.

Tho. By no meanes, no boyes,
I am the man reserv'd for ayre, 'tis my part,
And if she be not rock, my voyce shall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister, but for maine singing,
Pray ye satisfie your selves: away, be carefull.

Hyl. But hark ye one word *Tom*, we may be beaten.

Tom. That's as ye think good your selves: if you deserve it,
Why 'tis the easiest thing to compasse: beaten?
What bugbeares dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?

Hyl. She has men enough,

Thom. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that masse
Will not maintaine a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs meat: get you gone;
I have things of moment in my minde: that doore,
Keep it as thou would'st keep thy wife from a Servingman.
No more I say: away *Sam*.

Sam. A your will sir.

Exit Hyl. & Sam.

Enter Launcelot and Fidler.

Lan. I have him here, a rare rogue, good sweet master,
Doe something of some favour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,
Not by the vertue of my languages,
Nothing at my old masters to be hoped for,
O Signieur *de*, nothing to line my life with,
But cold Pyes with a cudgell, till you help us.

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee: come hither Fidler,
Whad Ballads are you seen in best: be short sir.

Fidler Vnder your masterships correction, I can sing

The

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

The Duke of *Norfolke*, or the merry Ballad
Of *Dionis* and *Lazarus*, the Rose of *England*,
In *Creet* when *Dedimus* first began,
Jonas his crying out against *Coventry*.

Tho. Excellent,
Rare matters all.

Fid. *Mawdlin* the Merchants daughter,
The Divell, and ye dainty Dames.

Tom. Rare still.

Fid. The landing of the Spaniards at *Bow*,
With the bloody battell at *Mile-end*.

Tho. All excellent:

No tuning as ye love me; let thy Fidle
Speake welch, or any thing that's out of all tune,
The vilder still the better, like thy selfe,
For I presume thy voyce will make no trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely.

Tho. Keep ye to that key, are they all abed trow?

Lan. I heare no stirring any where, no light
In any window, 'tis a night for the nonce Sir.

Tom. Come strike up then: and lay the Merchants daughter,
We'l beare the burthen: proceed to incision Fidler. *Song.*

Enter Servant above.

Ser. Who's there? what noyse is this? what rogue
At these houres?

Thom. O what is that to you my foole?

O what is that to you,

Plucke in your face you bawling Ass,

Or I will breake your brow.

hey down, down, adown.

A new Ballad, a new, a new.

Fid. The twelfth of Aprill, on May day,
My house and goods were burnt away, &c. *Maid above.*

Maid Why who is this?

Lan. O damsell deere,
Open the doore, and it shall appeare,
Open the doore,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

O gentle ſquire,

Maid I'll ſee thee hang firſt: farewell my deere,
'Tis maſter Thomas, there he ſtands.

Enter Mary above.

Mary 'Tis ſtrange
That nothing can redeeme him: raile him hence,
Or ſing him out in's owne way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.

Maid Then have at him:
My man Thomas did me promiſe.
He would viſite me this night.

Tho. I am here Love, tell me deere Love,
How I may obtaine thy ſight.

Maid Come up to my window love, come, come, come,
Come to my window my deere,
The winde, nor the raine, ſhall trouble thee againe,
But thou ſhalt be lodged here.

Thom. And art thou ſtrong enough?

Lan. Vp, up, I warrant ye.

Mary What do'ſt thou meane to doe?

Maid Good Miſtreſſe peace,
I'll warrant ye wee'l coole him: *Madge,* *Madge above.*
Madge I am ready.

Tho. The loue of Greece and it tickled him ſo,
That he deviſed a way to goe.

Now ſing the Duke of Northumberland.

Fidler And climbing to promotion,
He fell down ſuddenly,

*Madge with a diuels
vizard roring, offers to kiſſe him, and he falls down.*

Maid Farewell ſir.

Mary What haſt thou done? thou haſt broke his necke?

Maid Not hurt him,
He pitcht upon his legs like a Cat,

Tho. O woman:
O miſerable woman, I am ſpoil'd,
My leg, my leg, my leg, oh both my legs.

Mary

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done, mischief go with

Tho. O I am lam'd for ever: O my leg, (thee,
Broken in twenty places: O take heed,
Take heed of women, Fidler: oh a Surgeon,
A Surgeon, or I dye: oh my good people,
No charitable people, all despightfull,
Oh what a misery am I in: oh my leg.

Lan. Be patient sir, be patient: let me binde it.

Enter Samuel and Hylas with his head broken.

Tho. Oh doe not touch it rogue.

Hyl. My head, my head,
Oh my head's kil'd.

Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,
The skin is scarce broke.

Tho. O my leg.

Sam. How doe ye sir?

Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a fall, he's spoil'd too;
Jlee his braines.

Hyl. Away with me for Gods sake,
A Surgeon.

Sam. Here's a night indeed.

Hyl. A Surgeon.

Exit all but Fidler.

Enter Mary and servant below. ✓

Mary Goe run for helpe.

Tho. Oh,

Mary Run all, and all too little,
O cursed beast that hurt him, run, run, flye,
He will be dead else.

Tho. Oh.

Mary Good friend goe you too.

Fid. Who payes me for my Musicke?

Mary Pox o' your Musicke,
Ther's twelve pence for ye.

H 2

Fid.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Fid. Ther's two groates againe forsooth,
I never take above, and rest ye merry. *Exit.*

Ma. A greafe pot guild your fidle strings : how do you,
How is my deere ?

Tom. Why well I thank ye sweet heart,
Shall we walke in, for now ther's none to trouble us ?

Ma. Are ye so crafty fir ? I shall meet with ye,
I knew your tricke, and I was willing : my *Tom*,
Mine owne *Tom*, now to satisfie thee, welcome, welcome,
Welcome my best friend to me, all my deereft.

Tom. Now ye are my noble Mistresse : we loose time sweet.

Ma. I thinke they are all gone.

Tom. All, ye did wisely.

Ma. And you as craftily.

Tom. We are well met Mistresse.

Ma. Come, let's goe in then lovingly : O my Skarfe *Tom*,
I lost it thereabout, finde it, and weare it
As your poore Mistresse favour. *Exit.*

Tom. I am made now,
I see no venture is in no hand : I have it,
How now ? the doore lock't, and she in before ?
Am I so trim'd ?

Ma. One parting word sweet *Thomas*,
Though to save your credit, I discharg'd your Fidler,
I must not satisfie your folly too fir,
Ye are subtle, but beleeeve it Foxe, i'le finde ye,
The Surgeons will be here strait, rore againe boy,
And breake thy legs for shame, thou wilt be sport else,
Good night.

Tom. She saies most true, I must not stay : she has bobd me,
Which if I live, I'le recompence, and shortly,
Now for a Ballad to bring me off againe.

*All yong men be warn'd by me, how you do goe a wooing :
Seek not to climb, for feare ye fall thereby, comes your undoing,*

&c.

Exeunt.

Actus

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and servants.

Val. **H**E cannot goe and take no farewell of me,
Can he be so vnkinde? he's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard: see sir.

Alice He would not ride there certain, those were planted
Onely for walkes I take it.

Val. Ride, nay then,
Had he horse out?

Ser. So the Groome delivers
Somewhat before the breake of day.

Val. He's gone,
My best friends gone *Alice*? I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man I ere found yet.

Alice Inded sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All sister,
All, all, and all too little: O that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodnesse.

Alice Sure he will returne sir,
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. O never, never,
Never returne, thou know'st not where the cause lyes.

Alice He was the worthiest welcome.

Val. He deserv'd it.

Alice Nor wanted, to our knowledge.

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this houre, things that shall startle thee.
He never must returne.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow Signieur.

Val. Good morrow master *Michael*.

Mich. My good neighbour,
Me thinks you are stirring early since your travell,
You have learn'd the rule of health sir, where's your mistress?

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

She keeps her warme I warrant ye, a bed yet ?

Val. I thinke ſhe do's.

Alice T'is nother houre of waking.

Mich. Did you lye with her Lady ?

Alice Not to night fir.

Nor any night this weeke elſe.

Mich. When laſt ſaw ye her ?

Alice Late yeſter night.

Mich. Was ſhe abed then ?

Alice No fir,

I left her at her prayers: why doe ye aſke me ?

Mich. I have been ſtrangely haunted with a dreame
All this long night, and after many wakings,
The ſame dreame ſtill; me thought I met yong *Cellide*
Juſt at *S. Katherines* gate the Nunnery.

Val. Ha ?

Mich. Her face ſlubber'd o're with teares, and troubles,
Me thought ſhe cry'd unto the Lady Abbeſſe,
For charity receive me holy woman,
A Maid that has forgot the worlds affections,
Into thy virgin order: me thought ſhe tooke her,
Put on a Stole, and ſacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.

Val. Dreame ?

Mich. Good Miſtreſſe *Alice*
Doe me the favour (yet to ſatisfie me)
To ſtep but up, and ſee.

Alice I know ſhe's there ſit,
And all this but a dreame ?

Mich. You know not my dreames,
They are unhappy ones, and often truths,
But this I hope, yet

Alice I will ſatisfie ye,

Mich. Neighbours, how do's the gentleman ?

Val. I know not,
Dreame of a Nunnery ?

Mich. How found ye my words
About the nature of his ſickneſſe *Valentine* ?

Exit.

Val.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Val. Did ſhe not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this Nunnery? did ſhe not curſe me?
For God ſake ſpeake: did you not dreame of me too,
How baſely, poorely, tamely, like a foole,
Tir'd with his joyes?

Mich. Alas poore gentleman.
Ye promis'd me ſir to beare all theſe croſſes.

Val. I beare 'em till I breake againe.

Mich. But nobly,
Truely to weigh,

Val. Good neighbours, no more of it,
Ye doe but fling flaxe on my fire: where is ſhe?

Enter Alice.

Alice Not yonder ſir, nor has not this night certaine
Bin in her bed.

Mich. It muſt be truth ſhe tels ye,
And now I'll ſhew ye why I came: this morning
A man of mine being employed about buſineſſe,
Came early home, who at S. *Katherine's* Nunnery,
About day peep, told me he met your Miſtreſſe,
And as I ſpoke it in a dreame, ſo troubled
And ſo received by the Abbeſſe, did he ſee her?
The wonder made me riſe, and haſte unto ye
To know the cauſe.

Val. Farewell, I cannot ſpeake it.

Exit Val.

Alice For heaven take leave him not.

Mich. I will not Lady.

Alice Alas, he's much afflicted,

Mich. We ſhall know ſhortly more, apply your own care
At home good *Alice*, and truſt him to my counſell.
Nay, doe not weep, all ſhall be well, deſpaire not, *Exeunt.*

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sebastian, and a Servant.

Seb. **A**T Valentines house so merry?
Ser. As a pie Sir:

Seb. So gamelon dost thou say?

Ser. I am sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and Fiddles too?

Ser. No, but one Fiddle:
But twenty noyces.

Enter Launcelet.

Seb. Did he do deviles?

Ser. The best deviles sir: her's my fellow *Launcelet*
He can informe ye all: he was among'em,
A mad thing too: I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come sir, what can you say? is there any hope yet
You Master may returne?

Lan. He went far else
I will assure your worship on my credit
By the faith of a Travellor, and a Gentleman,
Your sonne is found againe, the sonne, the *Tom*.

Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?

Lan. The old *Tom*.

Seb. Goe forward.

Lan. Next, to consider how he is the old *Tom*.

Seb. Handle me that.

Lan. I would ye had scene it handled
Last night sir, as we handled it: *cap à pe.*
Footra for leers, and learings; O the noyse
The noyse we made.

Seb. Good, good.

Lan. The windowes clatring
And all the Chamhermaides, in such a whobub,
One with her smocke halfe off, another in hast
With a servingmans hose upon her head.

Seb. Good still.

Lan.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Lan. A fellow rayling out of a loop hole there
And his mouth stopt with durt.

Seb. y'faith a fine Boy.

Lan. Here one of our heads broke.

Seb. Excellent good still.

Lan. The gentleman himselfe yong M. Thomas,
Invirond with his furious Mermidons
The fiery Fidler, and my selfe ; now singing,
Now beating at the doore, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other scalling
And all these severall noyses to two Trenchers,
Strung with a bottome of browne thred, which showd ad-

Seb. There eate, and grow againe, I am pleas'd. (mirable.

Lan. Nor here fir.

Gave we the frolicke over : though at length
We quit the Ladies Skonce on composition
But to the silent streetes we turn'd our furies :
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shooes from,
There made a noyse, at which he wakes, and followes :
The streetes are durty, takes a queene-hith cold,
Hard cheese, and that choakes him o' Munday next :
Windowes, and signes we sent to *Erebus* ;
A crue of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out parishes,
O the brave cry we made as high as Algate !
Downe comes a Constable, and the Sow his Sister
Most trayterously tramples upon Authority,
There a whole stand of rug gownes rowted manly
And the Kings peace put flight : a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the Admirable Lanthorne,
Out goes the light, and all turnes to confusion :
A Potter rises, to enquire this passion
A Boare imboist takes sanctuary in his shop.
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering
Down goes the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding pans,
The creame bols cry revenge here, there the candlesticks.

Seb. If this be true, thou little tyny page
This tale that thou tell'st me

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Then on thy backe will I presently hang
A handson new Livery :
But if this be false, thou little tyney page
As false it well may be
Then with a cudgell of foure foote long
Ile beate thee from head to toe.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come.

Ser. He will sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all ther.

Lan. Here he comes now himselfe sir.

Seb. To be short *Thomas*

Because I feele a scruple in my conscience
Concerning the demeanour, and a maine one
And therefore like a Father would be satisfi'd,
Get up to that window there, and presently
Like a most compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly*.

Tom Good Lord sir, how are you misled : what fancies
(Fitter for idle boyes, and drunkards, let me speak't
And with a little wonder I beseech you)
Choake up your noble judgement ?

Seb. You Rogue *Launcelet*,
You lying rascall.

Lan. Will ye spoile all agen sir.
Why, what a devill do you meane ?

Tom. Away knave,
Ye keepe a company of sawcy fellows
Deboish'd, & dai y drunkards, to deavoure ye,
Things, whose dull soules, tend to the Celler only,
Ye are ill advis'd sir, to commit your credit.

Seb. Sirha, sirha.

Lan. Let me never eate againe sir,
Nor feele the blessing of another blew-coate
If this yong Gentleman, sweet Master *Thomas*
Be not as mad as heart can wish : your heart sir,
If yesternights discourse : speake fellow *Robin*.
And if thou speakest lesse then truth.

Tom. Tis strange these varlets.

Ser. By these ten bones sir, if these eies, and eares

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Can heare and ſee.

Tom. Extreame ſtrange, ſhould thus boldly
Bud in your ſight, unto your ſonne.

Lan. O deu guin
Can ye deny, ye beat a Conſtable
Laſt night.

Tom. I touch Authoritie ye rascal?
I violate the Law?

Lan. Good M. *Thomas.*

Ser. Did you not take two Wenches from the Watch too
And put 'em into pudding lane?

Lan. We meane not
Thoſe civill things you did at M. *Valentines*
The Fidle, and the fa'las,

Tom. O ſtrange impudence?
I do beſeech you ſir give no ſuch licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuſe your ſonne thus?
Be wiſe in time, and turne 'em off: we live ſir
In a State govern'd civilly, and ſoberly
Where each mans actions ſhould confirme the Law,
Not cracke, and canzell it.

Seb. *Lancelot du Lake*
Get you upon adventers: caſt your coate
And make your exit.

Lan. *Pur la mour de dien*
Pur me no pur: but *pur* at that doore, out ſir ha
He beate ye purblind elſe, out ye eight languages,

Lan. My bloud upon your head. *Exit, Lan.*

Tom. Purge me 'em all ſir.

Seb. And you too preſently.

Tom. Even as you pleaſe ſir.

Seb. Bid my maid ſervant come: and bring my daughter
I will have one ſhall pleaſe me. *Exit ſer.*

Tom. Tis moſt fit ſir.

Seb. Bring me the money there: here M. *Thomas,*
Enter two ſervants with two bags.
I pray ſit downe, ye are no more my ſonne now,
Good gentleman be cover'd;

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Tom. At your pleasure.

Seb. This money I do give ye, becaule of whilom.
You have bin thought my sonne, and by my selfe too,
And some things done like me: ye are now another.
There is two hundred pound, a civill some.
For a yong civill man: much land and Lordship
Will as I take it now, but prove temptation
To dread ye from your settled, and sweet carriage.

Tom. You say right sir.

Seb. Nay I beseech ye cover.

Tom. At your dispose: and I beseech ye too sir,
For the word civill, and more settled course
It may be put to use, that on the interest
Like a poore Gentleman.

Seb. It shall, to my use.

To mine againe: do you see sir: good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding money for a Scrivener,
Mine is for present trafficke, and to ile use it.

Tom. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and foure Maids.

Seb. For the maine cause Mounfieur
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that price of story worke, and view it.
I want a right heire to inherir me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will breake my backe, but I will get one.

Tom. Will you choose there sir?

Seb. There, among those Damsels,
In mine owne tribe: I know their quallities
Which cannot faile to please me: for their beauties
A matter of a three farthings, makes all perfect,
A little beere, and beeffe broth: they are sound too.
Stand all a breast: now gentle M. Thomas
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happely sometimes with some of these too,
Which fault I never frown'd upon: pray shew me
(For feare we confound our Genealogies)

Which

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Which have you laid aboard? Speake your mind freely
Have you had copulation with that Damsell?

Tom. I have.

Seb. Stand you a side then: how with her fir?

Tom. How, is not seemely here to say.

Dor. Heer's fine sport.

Seb. Retyre you too: speake forward M. Thomas.

Tom. I will: and to the purpose; even with all fir.

Seb. With all that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it

Was ever sinne so glorious?

Seb. With all Thomas.

Tom. All surely fir.

Seb. A signe thou art mine owne yet,

In againe all: and to your severall functions. Exit. Maides.

What say you to yong Luce, my neighbours daughter,

She was too yong I take it, when you travelled

Some twelve yeare old?

Tom. Her will was fiftene fir,

Seb. A pretty answere, to cut of long discourse,

For I have many yet to aske ye of,

Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger

When ye are right: what say ye to Valerius?

Whose husband lies a dying now? why two,

And in that forme?

Tom. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty morall: have at ye once more Thomas,

The sisters of St. Albones, all five; dat boy,

Dat's mine owne boy.

Dor. Now our upon thee Monster,

Tom. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needes none man:

A straw on pardon: prethee need no pardon:

Ile aske no more, nor thinke no more of marriage,

For O my conscience I shalbe thy Cuckold:

Ther's some good yet left in him: beare your selfe well,

You may recover me, ther's twenty pound fir,

I see some sparkles which may flame againe,

Monfieur Thomās, a Comedy.

You may eat with me when you please, you know me.

Exit Seb.

Dor. Why do you lye so damnably, so foolishly?

Tom. Do'st thou long to have thy head broke? hold thy
And doe as I would have thee, or by this hand (peace
I'll kill thy Parrat, hang up thy small hand,
And drinke away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wilde Ass?

Tho. Prethee be quiet.

Dor. And do'st thou think men will not beat thee mon?
For abusing their wives and children? (stroufly

Tom. And do'st thou thinke
Mens wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tom. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.

Dor. How stand ye with your mistresse?

Thom. I shall stand neerer
Ere I be twelve houres older: ther's my businesse,
She is monstrous subtile *Doll*.

Doll The divell I thinke
Cannot out subtile thee.

Tho. If he play faire play,
Come, you must helpe me presently.

Dor. I discard ye.

Tom. Thou shalt not sleep nor eate.

Dor. I'll no hand with ye,
No bawd to your abuses.

Thom. By this light *Doll*,
Nothing but in the way of honesty.

Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I heare your vigils.

Tom. Sweet honey *Doll*, if I doe not marry her,
Honestly marry her, if I meane not honourably,
Come, thou shalt helpe me, take heed how you vex me,
I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
I know thou art mad, a tall yong man, a brown man,
I sweare he has his waidenhead, a rich man.

Dor.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll answer ye.

Tho. Nay I'll goe with thee *Doll*: four hundred a yeere wench.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. **G**ood sir go back again, and take my counsell,
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke
Pul'd back again by sighes. (from us,

Val. What should I doe friend ?

Mich. Doe that that may redeeme ye, goe back quickly,
Sebastians daughter can prevaile much with her,
The Abbess is her Aunt too.

Val. But my friend then
Whole love and losse is equall ty'd?

Mich. Content ye,
That shall be my taske if he be alive,
Or where my travell and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him backe againe.

Val. Say he come backe
To piece his poor friends life out? and my mistresse
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

Mich. So suddenly
She cannot, haste ye therefore instantly away sir,
To put that daughter by first as to a father,
Then as a friend she was committed to ye,
And all the care she now has: by which priviledge
She cannot doe her this violence,
But you may breake it, and the law allowes ye.

Val. O but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing
Against your selfe, if you will needs be miserable
Spight of her goodnesse, and your friends perswasions,
Thinke on, and thrive thereafter.

Val.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Val. I will home then,
And follow your advise, and good, good *Michael*.
Mich. No more, I know your soul's divided, *Valentine*,
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage
Ere my returne, for then those thoughts that vex her,
While there ran any streame for loose affections,
Will be stop't up, and chaste ey'd honour guide her
Away, and hope the best still: I'll worke for ye,
And pray too heartily, away, no more words. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. I Care not for my broken head,
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lowzie, lazie wench prepar'd to doe it.

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet, for o' my conscience
He'l put another on thee else.

Hyl. I am resolv'd
To call him to account, was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laughed at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter: had he broke his necke,
Indeed 'twould ne'r ha griev'd me: gallows gall him.
Why should he choose out me?

Sam. Thou art ever ready
To thrust thy selfe into these she occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.

Hyl. Well, if I live, I'll have a new tricke for him.

Sam. That will not be amisse, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose: besides, he's truely valiant,
And a most deadly hand: thou never foughtst yet,
Nor o' my conscience hast no faith in fighting.

Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Beside the quarrell,

Which

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lye stinking in a Surgeons hands
A moneth or two this weather; for beleeve it,
He never hurts under a quarters healing.

Hyl. No upon better thought, I will not fight **Sam.**
But watch my time

Sam. To pay him with a project:
Watch him too, I would wish yes prethee tell me,
Do'st thou affect these women still?

Hyl. Yes faith **Sam.**
I love 'em ev'n as well as ev'r I did,
Nay, if my braines were beaten out, I must to 'em.

Sam. Dost thou love any woman?

Hyl. Any woman
Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any age too?

Hyl. Of any age, from four score to fourteen boys,
Of any fashion.

Sam. And defect too?

Hyl. Right.

For those I love to leade me to repentance:

A woman with no nose, after my surquedry,
Shewes like King *Philips* morall, *memento mori*,
And she that has a wadden leg, demonstrates
Like *Hypocrites*, we halt before the gallowes:
An old one with one tooth, seems to say to us
Sweet meats have lowre sawce: she that's full of aches,
Crum not your bread before you taste your porridge,
And many moralls we may finde.

Sam. 'Tis well sir,

Ye make so worthy uses: but *quid igitur*,
What shall we now determine?

Hyl. Let's consider,

An houre or two, how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's finde him first, he'l quickly give occasion,
But take heed to your selfe, and say I warn'd ye:
He has a plaguy pate,

Hyl. That at my danger.

Exeunt.

Musick,

Scena

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Saylor's singing to them, Michael and Francis.

Sayl. **A** Board, aboard, the winde stands faire.
Mich. These call for passengers, I'll stay, & see
What men they take aboard.

Fra. A boat, a boat, a boat.

Say. A way then.

Fra. Whether are ye bound friends?

Sayl. Downe to the Straytes.

Mich. Ha, 'tis not much unlike him.

Fra. May I have passage for my money?

Say. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.

Fra. Then merrily aboard, and noble friend

Heavens goodnesse keep thee ever, and all vertue

Dwell in thy bolome *Cellide*, my last reares

I leave behinde me thus, a sacrifice,

For I dare stay no longer to betray ye.

Mich. Be not so quicke sit: Saylor I here charge ye

By vertue of this warrant, as you will answer it,

For both your ship and Merchant I know perfectly,

Lay hold upon this fellow.

Fra. Fellow?

Mich. I fir.

Sayl. No hand to sword fir, we shall master ye.

Fetch out the manacles.

Fra. I doe obey ye:

But I beseech ye fir, informe me truly

How I am guilty.

Mich. Ye have rob'd a gentleman,

One that ye are bound to for your life and being.

Money and horse unjustly ye tooke from him,

And something of more note, but for y'are a gentleman.

Fra. It shall be so, and here I'll end all miseries,

Singe

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Since friendship is fo cruell, I confesse it,
And which is more, a hundred of thefe robberies:
This Ring I stole too from him: and this jewell
The first and laft of all my wealth: forgive me
My innocence and truth, for faying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thousand part of his love, and bread I have eaten.
Pray fee 'em render'd noble fir, and fo
I yeeld me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to'th water,
I charge you Saylors, there I will receive him,
And backe convey him to a Iustice.

Say. Come fir,
Look to your neck, you are like to layle i'th ayre now.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maide.

Tho. Come quickly, quickly, quickly, paint me handfomly
Take heed my nose be not in graine too,
Come *Doll, Doll*, difen me.

Dor. If you should play now
Your divels parts againe.

Tom. Yea and nay *Dorothy*.

Dol. If ye doe any thing, but that ye have sworne to,
Which onely is acesse.

Tho. As I am a gentleman:
Out with this hayre *Doll*, handfomely.

Doll. You have your breeches?

Tom. I prethee away, thou know'st I am monstroust ticklish,
What do'st thou think I love to blast my buttocks?

Doll. I'le plague ye for this roguery: for I know well
What ye intend fir.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Tom. On with my Muffler.

Dol. Ye are a sweet Lady : come let's see you curtsie.
What broke i'th hum, hold up your head.

Tom. Plague on't

I shall be pisse my breeches if I cower thus.

Come, am I ready.

Maid. At all points, as like fir

As if you were my Mistress.

Dol. Who goes with ye.

Tom. None but my fortune, and my selfe. *Exit, Tho.*

Dol. Blessie ye

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him.

Take the by way, and tell my Colin *Marie*.

In what shape he intends to come to coz n her.

Ile follow at thy heeles my selfe : flie wench.

Maid. Ile do it.

Exit.

Enter Sebastian and Thomas.

Dol. My Father has met him : this goes excellent
And ile away in time : looke to your skin *Thomas.* *Exit.*

Seb. What, are you growne so corne fed gooddy *Gillian,*

You will not know your Father : what vaga' res

Have you in hand, what out leapes, durry heeles

That at these houres of night ye must be gadding,

And through the Orchard take your private passage;

What, is the breeze in your breech, or has your brother

Appointed you an houre of meditation

How to demeane himsef : get ye to bed, drab

Or ile so crab your shoulders : ye demure slut

Ye civill dish of sliced beefe get ye in.

Tho. I wy' not, that I wy' not.

Seb. Is't ev'n so Dame

Have at ye with a night spell then.

Tho. Pray hold fir.

Seb. St. Geoge, St. George, our Ladies knight

He walkes by day, so do's he by night,

And when he had her found.

Hc

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

He her beat, and her bound,
Vntill to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then have at ye with a counter-spell,
From Elves, Hobs and Fayries, that trouble our Dayries,
From Fire-drakes and fiends, and such as the diuell sends,
Defend us heaven. *Exi*

Enter Lancelot.

Lan. Blesse my Master: looke up sir / beleech ye,
Vp with your eyes to heaven.

Seb. Vp with your nose sir,
I doe not bleed, 'twas a sound knock she gave me,
A plaguy mankinde girle, how my braines totters?
Well, go thy waies, thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog trick,
Mine owne true spirit in her too,

Lan. In her, alas sir,
Alas poore gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy
To knocke ye like a Calfe down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? if you could beleeve sir.

Seb. Who wouldst thou make me beleeve it was, the diuell?

Lan. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes sir,
And changes shapes as often: your sonne Thomas:
Never wonder, if it be not he, straight hang me.

Seb. He? if it be so,
I'll put thee in my Will, and ther's an end on't.

Lan. I saw his legs, has Boots on like a Player,
Vnder his wenches cloaths: 'tis he, 'tis Thomas
In his own sisters cloaths, sir, and I can waite him.

Seb. No more words then, we'll watch him: thou'lt not be-
How heartily glad I am. *(leeve Lance,*

Lan. May ye be gladder,
But not this way sir.

Seb. No more words, but watch him. *Exeunt.*

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena feptima.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mar. **V**hen comes he?
Doll. Presently.

Mar. Then get you up *Doll*,
Away, I'll strait come to you: is all ready?

Maid All.

Ma. Let the light stand far enough.

Maid 'Tis placed so.

Ma. Stay you to entertaine him to his chamber,
But keep close wench, he flies at all.

Maid I warrant ye.

Mar. You need no more instruction?

Maid I am perfect.

Exeunt.

Scena fecunda.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tbo. **M**ore stops yet? Sure the fiend's my ghostly father,
Old *Valentine*: what wind's in his poope?

Val. Lady,

You are met most happily: O gentle *Doll*,
You must now doe me an especiall favour.

Tom. What is it Master *Valentine*? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheume false i' my gums.

Val. I'll tell ye,

And let it move you equally: my blest Mistrisse
Vpon a slight occasion taking anger,
Tooke also (to undoe me) your Aunts Nunnery,
From whence by my perswasion to redeeme her,
Will be impossible: nor have I liberty

To

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

To come, and visite her: my good, good *Dorothy*,
You are most powerfull with her, and your Aunt too,
And have accesse at all houres liberally,
Speake now, or never for me.

Tho. In a Nunnery?

That course must not be suffered Master *Valentine*,
Her mother never knew it: rare sport for me :
Sport upon sport, by th' breake of day I'll meet ye,
And feare not man, wee'll have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot stay now.

Val. You will not breake?

Tho. By no meanes.

Good night.

Val. Good night kinde Mistresse *Doll*.

Exit.

Tho. This thrives well,

Every one takes me for my sister, excellent :
This Nunnerys fall so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it
If once I creep in, ere they get me out againe :
Stay, her's the house and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid Who's there?

O Mistresse *Dorothy* you are a stranger.

Tho. Still Mistresse *Dorothy*? this geere will cotton.

Maid Will you walke in forsooth?

Tho. Where is your Mistresse?

Maid Not very well: she's gone to bed, I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid Pray make not much noise, for she is sure asleep,
You know your side, creep softly in, your company
Will warme her well.

Tho. I warrant thee I'll warme her.

Maid Your brother has been here, the strangest fellow.

Tho. A very rogue, a ranke rogue.

Maid I'll conduct ye

Even to her chamber doop, and there commit ye.

Exeunt.

Scena

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Octava.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. Come sir, for this night I shall entertaine ye,
And like a gentleman, how ere your fortune
Hath cast ye on the worst part.

Fra. How you please sir,
I am resolv'd, nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I am angry with my selfe now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience,
Yet any other course had been too slender:
Yet what to thinke I know not, for most liberally
He hath confes'd strange wrongs, which if they prove so,
How ere the others long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way
Drinke that: and now to my care leave your prisoner,
I'll be his guard for this night.

Off. Good night to your worship.

Mich. Good night my honest friends: Come sir, I hope
There shall be no such cause of such a sadnesse
As you put on.

Fra. Faith sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull, shall no more afflict me
Then if I plaid at span-counter, nor is my face
The map of any thing I seeme to suffer,
Lighter affections seldome dwell in me sir.

Mich. A constant gentleman: would I had taken
A fever when I took this harsh way to disturb him,
Come walke with me sir, ere to morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over.

Exeunt.

Actus

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Actus Quintus, Scena Quarta.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I Have dog'd his fister, fure'twas ſhe,
And I hope ſhe will come back again this night too :
Sam I have loſt of purpoſe: now if I can
With all the art I have, as ſhe comes backe,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maiden-head, and there's *vindiſt*.
They ſtir about the houſe, I'll ſtand at diſtance. *Exit.*

Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas & Maid.

Doll. Is he come in ?

Mar. Speake ſoftly,
He is, and there he goes.

Tho. Good night, good night wench.

a bed diſcovered with a black More in it.

Maid As ſoftly as you can.

Exit.

Tho. I'll play the Mouſe Nan,
How cloſe the little thiefe lyes.

Mar. How he itches ?

Doll. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home Mall ?

Ma. Peace for ſhame.

Tom. In what a figure
The little foole has pull'd it ſelfe together :
Anone you will lye ſtreighter :
Ha, ther's rare circumſtance
Belongs to ſuch a treatiſe: doe ye tumble,
I'll tumble with ye ſtraight wench: ſhe ſleeps ſoundly,
Full little thinkſt thou of thy joy that's comming,
The ſweet, ſweet joy, full little of the kiſſes,
But thoſe unthought of things come ever happieſt.
How ſoft the rogue feeles? Oye little villaine,
Ye delicate coy thiefe, how I ſhall thrum ye ?

L.

Your

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Your fy away, good fervant, as ye are a gentleman.

Ma. Prethee leave laughing.

Out upon ye *Thomas*

What do ye meane to do? ile call the houle up,

O god, I am fure ye will not, fhall not ferve ye,

For up ye goe now, and ye were my Father.

Ma. Your courage wilbe cold anon.

Tho. If it do hang for

Yet ile be quarterd here firft.

Dor. O feirce villaine.

Ma. What would he do indeed *Doll*?

Dor. You had beft try him.

Tho. Ile kiffe thee ere I come to bed: fweet *Mary*.

Ma. Prethee leave laughing.

Dor. O, for gentle *Nicholas*.

Tho. And view that stormy face, that has fo thundered me,
A coldne's crept over't now, by your leave, candle,

And next doore by yours too, fo, a pretty, pretty

Shall I now looke upon ye: by this light it moves me.

Ma. Much good may it do you fir.

Tho. Holy faincs, defend me.

The devill, devill, devill, devill, O the devill.

Ma. *Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, the devill O the devill.

Tho. I am abus'd moft damnedly: moft beaftly,

Yet if it be a fhe devill: But the houle is up,

And here's no ftaying longer in this Caffock,

Woman, I here difclaime thee; and in vengeance

Ile marry with that devill, but ile vex thee.

Ma. Byr' Lady, but you fhall not fir, ile watch ye.

Tho. Plague O your fpanifh leather hide; ile waken ye: one

Devill, good night: good night good devill.

Moore. Oh!

Tho. Rore againe, devill, rore againe.

Ex. Tho.

Moore. O, O, fir.

Ma. Open the doores before him: let him vanifh.

Now, let him come againe, ile ufe him kinder,

How now Wench.

Moore. Pray lye here your felf, next Miftris

And

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

And entertaine your ſweet heart.

Ma. What ſaid he to thee.

Moore. I had a ſoft bed : and I ſlept out all,
But his kind farewell: ye may bake me now
For *O* my conſcience, he has made me veniſon.

Ma. Alaspoore *Kate* ; ile give thee a new Petticoate,

Dor. And I a Waſtcoate, Wench.

Ma. Draw in the bed Maides,
And ſee it made againe ; put freſh ſheetes on too,
For *Doll.* and I : come Wench, lets laugh an houre now,
To morrow early, will wee ſee yong *Cellide*
They ſay ſhe has taken Sanctuary: love, & they
Are thicke ſowne, but come up ſo full of thistles.

Dor. They muſt needs *Mall*: for 'tis a pricking age grown
Prethee to bed, for I am monſtrous ſleepy.

Ma. A match, but art not thou thy brother ?

Dor. Would I were Wench,
You ſhould heare further.

Ma. Come, no more of that *Doll.*

Exeunt.

Scena quinta.

Enter Hylas, and Thomas.

Hyl. I Heard the doores clap: now, and't be thy will, wench
By th' mas ſhe comes : you are ſorely melt faire gen-
I take it Miſtris *Doll*, *Sebastians* daughter. (tlew woman,

Tho. I take right ſir : *Hylas*, are you ſeretting
Ile fit you with a pennyworth preſently.

Hyl. How dare you walk ſo late ſo ſweet: ſo weak guarded ?

Tho. Faith ſir, I do no harme, nor none I looke for
Yet I am glad, I have met ſo good a gentleman,
Againſt all chances : for though I never knew ye
Yet I have heard much good ſpoke of ye,

Hyl. Harke ye.

What if a man ſhould kiſſe ye ?

Tho. That's no harme ſir,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Pray God he ſcapes my heard, there lyes the mitchiefe.

Hyl. Her lips are monſtrous rugged, but that ſurely
Is but the ſharpeſſe of the weather : harke ye once more,
And in your eare, ſweet Miſtreſſe, for ye are ſo,
And ever ſhall be from this houre: I have vow'd it.

Enter Sebaſtian and Lancelot.

Seb. Why that's my daughter, rogue, do'ſt thou not ſee her
Kifſing that fellow there, there in that corner?

Lan. Kifſing?

Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th match too.

Tho. Nay then ye love me not.

Hyl. By this white hand *Doll*.

Tom. I muſt confeſſe, I have long'deſir'd your ſight fir.

Lan. Why ther's the Boots ſtill fir.

Seb. Hang Boots fir,

Why they'l weare breeches too.

Tom. Diſhoneſt me
Not for the world.

Seb. Why now they kiſſe againe, there
I knew'twas ſhe, and that her crafty ſtealing
Out the back way muſt needs have ſuch a meaning.

Lan. I am at my ſmall wits end.

Thom. If ye meane honourably.

Lan. Did ſhe nev'r beat ye before fir?

Seb. Why do'ſt thou follow me?

Thou rascal ſlave haſt thou not twice abus'd me?
Haſt thou not ſpoil'd the boy? by thine owne covenant,
Would'ſt thou not now be hang'd?

Lan. I thinke I would fir,

But you are ſo impatient: do's not this ſhew fir,
(I do beſeech ye ſpeake, and ſpeake with judgement,
And let the caſe be equally conſidered)

Far braver in your daughter? in a ſon now

'Tis nothing, of no marke: every man do's it.

But, to beget a daughter, a man maide n

That reaches at theſe high exploits, is admirable:

Nay ſhe goes far beyond him: for when durſt he,

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

But when he was drunke, doe any thing to fpeake of?
This is *Sebastian* truly.

Seb. Thou fayeft right *Lance*,
And ther's my hand once more.

Tho. Not without marriage.

Seb. Didft thou heare that?

Lan. I thinke ſhe ſpoke of marriage,

Seb. And he ſhall marry her, for it ſeems ſhe likes him,
And their firſt boy ſhall be my heire.

Lan. I marry
Now ye goe right to worke.

Thom. Eye, eye fir,
Now I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
Would ye be ſo intemperate? are ye a gentleman?

Hyl. I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal
Tempts me extreemely: will ye marry preſently?

Tho. Get you afore, and ſtay me at the Chappell,
Close by the Nunnery, there you ſhall finde a night Prieſt
Little fir *Hugh*, and he can ſay the Matrimony
Over without booke, for we muſt have no company
Nor light, for feare my father know, which muſt not yet
And then to morrow night.

Hyl. Nothing to night ſweet?

Tho. No, not a bit, I am ſent of buſineſſe
About my dowry, ſweet, doe not you ſpoile all now,
'Tis of muh haſte. I can ſcarce ſtay the marriage,
Now if you love me, get you gone.

Hyl. You'll follow?

Tom. Within this houre, my ſweet chicke,

Hyl. Kiſſe.

Tho. A rope kiſſe ye,
Come, come, I ſtand o'thorne.

Hyl. Me thinks her mouth ſtill
Is monſtrous rough, but they have waies to mend it,
Farewell.

Tom. Farewell, I'll fit ye with a wife, fir.

Seb. Come, follow cloſe, I'll ſee the end ſhe aymes at,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

And if he be a handſome fellow *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my ſtate is ſetled. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Abbeſſe, Celide, and Nuns.

Ab. Come, to your Mattins Maids: theſe early houres
My gentle daughter, will diſturb a while,
Your faire eyes, nurterd in eaſe.

Cel. No vertuous mother,
Tis for my holy health, to purchaſe which
They ſhall forget the childe of eaſe, ſoft ſlumbers,
O my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd,
And Love, how like a tyrant, thou raign'ſt in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one inſtant:
Why came I hither that deſire to have
Onely all liberty, to make me happy?
Why didſt thou bring that yong man home, O *Valentine*,
That vertuous youth, why didſt thou ſpeake his goodneſſe
In ſuch a phraſe, as if all tongues, all prailes
Were made for him? O fond and ignorant,
Why didſt thou foſter my affection
Till it grew up, to know no other father,
And then betray it?

Ab. Can ye ſing?

Cel. Yes, Mother,
My ſorrowes onely.

Ab. Begone, and to the Quire then. *Exeunt.*

Musicke ſinging.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Septima.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. **H**A'rt thou inquir'd him out?

Ser. He's not at home fir,
His fister thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery,

Mich. Most likely: Ple away, an houre hence firha,
Come you along with this yong gentleman,
Doe him all service, and faire office.

Ser. Yes fir.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. **V**V Here hast thou been man?

Hyl. Is there nev'r a shop open?
I'll give thee a paire of gloves *Sam.*

Sam. What's the matter?

Hyl. What do'st thou thinke?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hyl. By th'masse but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th order now *Sam.*

Sam. To whom prethee?

I thought there was some such trick in't, you stole from me
But who, for heaven sake?

Hyl. Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman *Samuel*, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my life, firha,
And of a lusty kindred.

Sam. But who *Hylas*?

(gaine,

Hyl. The yong gentleman and I are like to be friends a-
The

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

The fates will have it fo.

Sam. Who, Monfieur Thomas?

Hyl. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. O now I ſmell ye *Hylas*.

Do's he know of it?

Hyl. No, ther's the tricke I owe him.

'Tis done boy, we are faſt faith, my youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no tricke in't?

Hyl. None, but up and ride boy:
I have made her no joynture neither, there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hyl. She ſhall be, as I'll uſe her,
And if ſhe anger me, all his abules
I'll clap upon her Caſtlocke.

Sam. Take heed *Hylas*,

Hyl. 'Tis paſt that *Sam* come, I muſt meet her preſently,
And now ſhalt ſee me, a moſt glorious husband.

Exeunt.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Scena Nona.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, Valentine.

Dor. I Ntroth fir, you never spoke to me.

Val. Can ye forget me?

Did not you promise all your helpe and cunning

In my behalfe, but for one houre to see her,

Did you not sweare it? by this hand, no strictnesse

Nor rule this house holds, shall by me, be broken,

Dor. I saw ye not these two dayes.

Val. Doe not wrong me,

I met ye, by my life, just as you entred

This gentle Ladies Lodge last night, thus suited

About eleven a clocke.

Dor. 'Tis true I was there,

But that I saw or spoke to you.

Mar. I have found it,

Your brother *Thomas*, Doll.

Dor. Pray fir be satisfi'd,

And wherein I can doe you good, command me,

What a mad foole is this? stay here a while fir,

Whilst we walke in, and make your peace. *Exit.*

Enter Abbesse.

Val. I thanke ye.

Squeake within.

Ab. Why, what's the matter there among these Maids?

Now *benedicite*, have ye got the breeze there?

Give me my holly sprinckle.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Enter 2 Nuns.

1 Nun O Madam, ther's a strange thing like a gentlewo:
Like Mistresse Dorothy, I think the fiend (man,
Crept in to th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Playes revell rowt among us.

Ab. Give me my holy water pot.

1 Nun Here Madam.

Ab. Spirit of earth or ayre, I do conjure thee, *sneake within*
Of water or of fire.

1 Nun Harke Madam, hark.

Ab. Be thou ghost that cannot rest: or a shadow of the
Be thou black, or white, or green, be thou heard, or to be seen

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 Nun It comes, it comes.

Cell. What are ye? speake, speake gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tom. Any thing you'l let me.

Cell. You are no woman certaine.

Tom. Nor you no Nun, nor shall not be.

Cell. What make ye here?

Tom. I am a holy Fryer.

Ab. Is this the Sipirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit Aunt.

Ab. Now ont upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too Aunt.

Ab. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, her's my purpose:

Out with this Nun, she is too handsome for ye,
I'll tell thee (Aunt) and I speake it with teares to thee,
If thou keptst her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischiefe followes.

Ab. She is a Votresse.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undoe thee,

Let

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Let her but one houre out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your Nnns againe.

Abb. You have no project
But faire and honest?

Tom. As thine eyes, sweet *Abbesse*,

Abb. I will be rul'd then.

Tom. Thus then and periwade her
But do not iuggle with me, if ye do *Aunt*.

Abb. I must be there my selfe.

Tom. Away and fit her.

Abb. Come daughter, you must now be full'd, or never?

Cell. I must obey your will.

Abb. That's my good daughter? *Exeunt.*

Scena Decima.

Enter Dorothy, and Mary.

Ma. **V**What a coyle has this Fellow kept i'th' Nunnery
Sure he has run the *Abbesse* out of her wits.

Do. Out of the Nunnery I think, for we can neither see her
Nor the yong *Cellide*.

Mar. Pray heavens be be nor teasing.

Dor. Nay you may thanke your selfe, 'twas your owne
(structures.

Enter Hylas, and Sam.

Sam. Why there's the gentlewoman,

Hyl. Mas tis she indeed

How smart the pretty theefe lookes? morrow *Mistresse*.

Dor. Good morrow to you sir.

Monfieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Sam. How strange she beares it?

Hyl. Maids must do so, at first.

Dor. Would ye ought with us, gentlemen?

Hyl. Yes marry would I

A little with your Ladiship.

Dor. Your will sir.

Hyl. Doll, I would have ye presently prepare your selfe
And those things you would have with you,
For my house is ready.

Dor. How sir?

Hyl. And this night not to faile, you must come to me,
My Friends will all be there too: For Trunks, & those things
And household stuffe, and clothes you would have carried
To morrow, or the next day, ile take order:
Onely, What money you have, bring away with ye,
And Jewels:

Dor. Jewels sir?

Hyl. I, for adornement

There's a bed up, to play the game in, *Dorothy*.
And now come kisse me heartily.

Dor. Who are you?

Hyl. This Lady shalbe welcome too.

Ma. To what sir?

Hyl. Your neighbour can resolve ye.

Dor. The man's foolish

Sir, you looke soberly: who is this fellow,
And where's his businesse?

Sam. By heaven, thou art abus'd still.

Hyl. It may be so: Come, ye may speake now boldly.
There's none but friends, Wench.

Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?

Alas, tis ill sir, that ye suffer him

To walke in th' open ayre thus: 'twill undoe him.

A pretty handsome gentleman: great pittie.

Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozens,

Hyl. Are not you my Wife? did not I marry you last night
At St. Michaels Chappell?

Dor. Did not I say he was mad?

Hyl.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Hyl. Are not you Mistresse Dorothy, Thomas sister?

Mar. There he speakes sence, but ile assure ye gentleman,
I think no Wife of yours: at what houre was it?

Hyl. S' pretious; you'll make me mad; did not the Priest
Sir *Hugh* that you appointed, about twelve a clocke
Tye our hands fast? did not you sweare you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, comming from this gentlewomans?

Ma. Good sir, goe sleepe: for if I credit have
She was in my armes, then, abed.

Sam. I told ye.

Hyl. Be not so confident.

Dor. By th' mas, she must fir.

For ile no husband here, before I know him:

And so good morrow to ye: Come, let's goe seeke'em.

Sam. I told ye what ye had done.

Hyl. Is the devill stirring?

Well, goe with me: for now I wilbe married.

Exeunt.

Scena Vndecima.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I Have brought him backe againe.

Val. You have don a friendship
Worthy the love you beare me.

Mich. Would he had so too.

Val. O he's a worthy yong man.

Mich. When al's tryde
I feare you'l change your faith: bring in the gentleman]

M³

Enter

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

*Enter Francis, and ſervant, and Abbeſſe, and
Cellide, ſeverally.*

Val. My happy Miſtreſſe too : now Fortune helpe me,
And all you ſtarres, that governe chait deſires
Shinne faire, and lovely.

Abb. But one houre, deere Daughter,
To heare your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Loves defence, and his : and then your pleaſure.

Cell. Though much unwilling, you have made me yeeld,
More for his ſake I ſee : how full of ſorrow
Sweet catching ſorrow, he appeares ? O love,
That thou but knew'ſt to heale, as well as hurt us.

Mich. Be rul'd by me : I ſee her eye faſt on him :
And what ye heard, beleeve, for tis ſo certaine
He neither dar'd, nor muſt oppoſe my evidence ;
And be you wiſe, yong Lady, and beleeve too.
This man you love, Sir ?

Val. As I love my ſoule, Sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free poſſeſſion
Of what his wants could aſke : or your ſelfe render ?

Val. And ſhall do ſtill.

Mich. Nothing was bard his libertie
But this faire Maide ; that frienſhip firſt was broken,
And you, and ſhe abus'd ; next, (to my ſorrow
So faire a forme ſhould hide ſo darke intentions,)
He hath himſelfe confes'd (my purpoſe being
Only to ſtop his Journey, by that pollicy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the Saylor)
Divers abuſes, done, thefts often practis'd,
Moneys, and Jewels too, and thoſe no trifles.

Cell. O where have I beſtrew'd my faith : in neither :
Let's in for ever now, there is vertue.

Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he ſhall lay it.
Are ye not guiltie thus ?

Fra. Yes : O my Fortune.

Micha.

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Mich. To give a prooffe I speake not enviously
Looke here : do you know these Jewels.
Cell. In, good Mother.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary: then Sebastian and Launcelot.

Val. These Jewels; I have knowne.

Dor. You have made brave sport.

Tho. Ile make more, if I live Wench
Nay doe not looke on me: I care not for ye.

Lan. Do you see now plaine ? that's Mistris Dorothy,
And that's his Mistris.

Seb. Peace, let my joy worke easely
Ha, boy: art there my boy: mine owne boy, Tom. boy,
Home Lanco, and strike a fresh peece, of wine, the townes
(ours,

Val. Sure, I have knowne these Jewels.

Alice They are they, certaine.

Val. Good heaven, that they were.

Alice. Ile pawne my life on't
And this is he; Come hither Mistris Dorothy,
And Mistris Mary: who do's that face looke like:
And view my brother well?

Dor. In truth like him.

Ma. Vpon my troth exceeding like,

Mich. Beshrew me,
But much: and maine resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now heaven grant it.

Alice. My brother's full of passion, I'll speake to him.

Now

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Now, as you are a gentleman, reſolve me,
Where did you get theſe jewels?

Fra. Now I'll tell ye,
Because blinde fortune yet may make me happy,
Of whom I had 'em, I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy, upon this arme
I ever wore 'em.

Alice 'Tis *Franciſco* brother,
By heaven I ty'd 'em on: a little more ſir,
A little, little more, what parents have ye?

Fra. None
That I know yet: the more my ſtubborne fortune,
But as I heard a Merchant ſay that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, di'd a poore man,
When I reach'd eighteen yeers.

Alice What ſaid that Merchant?

Fra. He ſaid, an infant, in the *Goumay Gallies*,
But from what place he never could direct me,
I was taken in a ſea-fight, and from a Marriner,
Out of his manly pittie he redeem'd me,
He told me of a Nurſe that waited on me,
But ſhe, poore ſoule, he ſaid was killed.
A letter too, I had encloſ'd within me,
To one *Cauſtruccio* a Venetian Merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when yeers allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I ſought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travell
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which, heaven recompenc'd him: now ye have all.

Val. And all the worldly bliſſe that heaven can ſend me,
And all my prayers and thanks.

Alice Down o' your knees, ſir,
For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture ye againe in Gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, beleeve her ſir, and we all joy with ye.

Val. My beſt friend ſtill: my deereſt: now heaven bleſſe
And make me worthy of this benefit.

(thee
Now

Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Now my best Mistresse.

Cel. Now sir, I come to ye.

Ab. No, no, let's in wench.

Cel. Not for the world, now, Mother,
And thus sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.

Val. And may it prosper,
Take her *Francisco*: now no more yong *Callidon*,
And love her deerely, for thy father do's so.

Fra. May all hate seek me else, and thus I seale it.

Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Nay, I will finde him.

Sam. What doe all these here?

Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.

Hyl. Nay then, good morrow,
Now I perceive the knavery.

Sam. I still told ye.

Tho. Stay, or I'll make ye stay: come hither sifter,

Val. Why how now Mistresse *Thomas*?

Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'st faine have a wife?

Hyl. Not I, by no meanes.

Tho. Thou shalt have a wife, & a fruitfull wife, for I finde
That I shall never be able to bring thee children. (*Hylas*;

Seb. A notable brave boy. *known son agen.*

Hyl. I am very well sir.

Tho. Thou shalt be better *Hylas*, thou hast 7 hundred pound
And thou shalt make her 3 hundred joynture. (a yeer,

Hyl. No.

Tho. Thou shalt boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pound in clothes, looke on her,
A delicate lusty wench, she has fifteen hundred,
And feisible: strike hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mar. He's a good handsome fellow,

Monſieur Thomas, a Comedy.

Play not the foole.

Tho. Strike, brother, *Hylas* quickly.

Hyl. If you can love me, well.

Dor. If you can please me,

Tho. Try that out ſoon, I ſay, my brother *Hylas*.

Sam. Take her, and uſe her well, ſhe's a brave gentlewoman.

Hyl. You muſt allow me another Miſtreſſe. (man.

Dor. Then you muſt allow me another ſervant.

Hyl. Well, let's together then, a luſty kindred.

Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pound more for that

Ma. Now ſir, for you & I to make the feaſt full. (word.

Tho. No, not a bit, you are a vertuous Lady,

And love to live in contemplation.

Ma. Come foole, I am friends now.

Tho. The foole ſhall not ride ye,

There lye my woman, now my man againe,

And now for travell once more.

Seb. I'll bar that firſt.

Ma. And I next.

Tho. Hold your ſelfe contented: for I ſay I will travell,

And ſo long I will travell, till I finde a father

That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,

And a ſtate without expectation,

So reſt you merry gentlemen.

Ma. You ſhall not

Vpon my faith, I love you now extremely,

And now I'll kiſſe ye.

Tho. This will nor doe it, Miſtreſſe,

Ma. Why when we are married, we'll doe more,

Seb. Ther's all boy,

The keyes of all I have, come, let's be merry,

For now I ſee thou art right.

Tho. Shall we to Church ſtraight?

Val. Now preſently, and there with nuptiall,

The holy Prieſt ſhall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, faire afore.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

